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THE

BEE-HUNTER;

OR,

THE OAK OPENINGS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF

"THE PIONEERS," "LAST OF THE MOHICANS,"
"PATHFINDER," "DEERSLAYER,"
ETC., ETC.

There have been tears from holier eyes than mine
Pour'd o'er thee, Zion! yea, the Son of Man
This thy devoted hour foresaw, and wept. ——MILMAN.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. III.

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THE BEE-HUNTER;

OR,

OAK OPENINGS.

CHAPTER I.

No shrift the gloomy savage brooks,
As scowling on the priest he looks;
Cowesass—cowesass—tawhich wessasseen?
Let my father look on Bornazeen—
My father's heart is the heart of a squaw,
But mine is so hard that it does not thaw.

WHITTIER.

LEAVING the newly-married couple to pursue their way homeward, it is now our province to return to Prairie Round. One accustomed to such scenes would easily have detected the signs of divided opinions and of agitating doubts among the chiefs, though nothing like

contention or dispute had yet manifested itself. Peter's control was still in the ascendant, and he had neglected none of his usual means of securing influence. Perhaps he laboured so much the harder, from the circumstance that he now found himself so situated, as to be compelled to undo much that he had previously done.

On the other hand, Ungque appeared to have no particular cause of concern. His manner was as much unoccupied as usual; and to his habit of referring all his influence to sudden and powerful bursts of eloquence, if design of any sort was entertained, he left his success.

We pass over the details of assembling the council. The spot was not exactly on the prairie, but in a bit of lovely "Opening" on its margin, where the eye could roam over a wide extent of that peculiar natural meadow, while the body enjoyed the shades of the wood. The chiefs alone were in the circle, while the "braves" and the "young men" generally formed a group on the outside; near enough

to hear what passed, and to profit by it, if so disposed. The pipe was smoked, and all the ordinary customs observed, when Bear's Meat arose, the first speaker on that momentous occasion.

"Brothers," he said, "this is the great council on Prairie Round, to which we have been called. We have met before, but not here. This is our first meeting here. We have travelled a long path to get here. Some of our brethren have travelled farther. They are at Detroit. They went there to meet our great Canada Father, and to take Yankee scalps. How many scalps they have taken I do not know, or I would tell you. It is pleasant to me to count Yankee scalps. I would rather count them than count the scalps of red men. There are still a great many left. The Yankees are many, and each Yankee has a scalp. There should not be so many. When the buffaloes came in the largest droves, our fathers used to go out and hunt them in the strongest parties. Their sons should do the same. We

are the sons of those fathers. They say we look like them, talk like them, live like them —we should *act* like them. Let another speak, for I have done."

After this brief address, which bore some resemblance to a chairman's calling a meeting of civilized men to order, there was more smoking. It was fully expected that Peter would next arise, but he did not. Perceiving this, and willing to allow time to that great chief to arrange his thoughts, Crowsfeather assumed the office of filling the gap. He was far more of a warrior than of an orator, and was listened to respectfully, but less for what he said, than for what he had done. A good deal of Indian boasting, quite naturally, was blended with *his* discourse.

"My brother has told you of the Yankee scalps," he commenced. "He says they are many. He says there ought to be fewer. He did not remember who sat so near him. Perhaps he does not know that there are three less now than there were a moon since. Crows-

feather took three at Chicago. Many scalps were taken there. The Yankees must be plentier than the buffaloes on the great prairies, if they can lose so many scalps often, and send forth their warriors. I am a Pottawattamie. My brothers know that tribe. It is not a tribe of Jews, but a tribe of Injins. It is a great tribe. It never was *lost*. It *cannot* be lost. No tribe better knows all the paths, and all the best routes to every point where it wishes to go. It is foolish to say you can lose a Pottawattamie. A duck would be as likely to lose itself as a Pottawattamie. I do not speak for the Ottawas; I speak for the Pottawattamies. We are not Jews. We do not wish to be Jews; and what we do not wish to be, we will not be. Our father who has come so far to tell us that we are not Injins, but Jews, is mistaken. I never heard of these Jews before. I do not wish to hear of them again. When a man has heard enough, he does not keep his ears open willingly. It is then best for the speaker to sit down. The Pottawattamies have shut their

ears to the great medicine-priest of the pale-faces. What he says may be true of other tribes, but it is not true of the Pottawattamies. We are not lost; we are not Jews. I have done."

This speech was received with general favour. The notion that the Indians were not Indians, but Jews, was far from being agreeable to those who had heard what had been said on the subject; and the opinions of Crowsfeather possessed the great advantage of reflecting the common sentiment on this interesting subject. When this is the case, a very little eloquence or logic goes a great way; and, on the whole, the address of the last speaker was somewhat better received than that of the first.

It was now confidently believed that Peter would rise. But he did not. That mysterious chief was not yet prepared to speak, or he was judiciously exciting expectation by keeping back. There were at least ten minutes of silent smoking, ere a chief, whose name rendered into English was Bough of the Oak, arose, evidently

with a desire to help the time along. Taking his cue from the success of Crowsfeather, he followed up the advantage obtained by that chief, assailing the theory of the missionary from another quarter.

"I am an Injin," said Bough of the Oak; "my father was an Injin, and my mother was the daughter of an Injin. All my fathers were red men, and all their sons. Why should I wish to be anything else? I asked my brother, the medicine-priest, and he owned that Jews are pale-faces. This he should not have owned if he wished the Injins to be Jews. My skin is red. The Manitou of my fathers so painted it, and their child will not try to wash out the colour. Were the colour washed out of my face I should be a pale-face! There would not be paint enough to hide my shame. No; I was born red, and will die a red-man. It is not good to have two faces. An Injin is not a snake, to cast his skin. The skin in which he was born he keeps. He plays in it when a child; he goes in it to his first hunt; the bears

and the deer know him by it; he carries it with him on the war-path, and his enemies tremble at the sight of it; his squaw knows him by that skin when he comes back to his wigwam; and when he dies, he is put aside in the same skin in which he was born. There is but one skin, and it has but one colour. At first, it is little. The pappoose that wears it is little. There is no need of a large skin. But it grows with the pappoose, and the biggest warrior finds his skin around him. This is because the Great Spirit fitted it to him. Whatever the Manitou does is good.

"My brothers have squaws—they have pappooses.—When the pappoose is put into their arms, do they get the paint stones and paint it red? They do not. It is not necessary. The Manitou painted it red before it was born. How this was done I do not know.* I am nothing but a poor Injin, and only know what I see. I have seen that the pappooses are red when they are born, and that the warriors are red when they die. They are also red while living.

It is enough. Their fathers could never have been pale-faces, or we should find some white spots on their children. There are none.

"Crowsfeather has spoken of the Jews as lost. I am not surprised to hear it. It seems to me that all pale-faces get lost. They wander from their own hunting-grounds, into those of other people. It is not so with Injins. The Pottawattamie does not kill the deer of the Iowa, nor the Ottawa the deer of the Menomenees. Each tribe knows its own game. This is because they are not lost. My pale-face father appears to wish us well. He has come on a long and weary path to tell us about his Manitou. For this I thank him. I thank all who wish to do me good. Them that wish to do me harm, I strike from behind. It is our Injin custom. I do not wish to hurt the medicine-priest, beeause I think he wishes to do me good, and not to do me harm. He has a strange law. It is to do good to them that do harm to you. It is not the law of the red men. It is not a good law. I do not wonder that the

tribes which follow such a law get lost. They cannot tell their friends from their enemies. They can have no people to scalp. What is a warrior if he cannot find some one to scalp? No; such a law would make women of the bravest braves in the openings, or on the prairie. It may be a good law for Jews, who get lost; but it is a bad law for Injins, who know the paths they travel. Let another speak."

This brief profession of faith, on the subject that had been so recently broached in the council, seemed to give infinite satisfaction. All present evidently preferred being red men, who knew where they were, than to the pale-faces who had lost their road. Ignorance of his path is a species of disgrace to an American savage, and not a man there would have confessed that his particular division of the great human family was in that dilemma. The idea that the Yankees were "lost," and had got materially astray, was very grateful to most who heard it; and Bough of the Oak gained a considerable

reputation as an orator, in consequence of the lucky hits made on this occasion.

Another long, ruminating pause, and much passing of the pipe of peace succeeded. It was near half an hour after the last speaker had resumed his seat, ere Peter stood erect. In that long interval expectation had time to increase, and curiosity to augment itself. Nothing but a very great event could cause this pondering, this deliberation, and this unwillingness to begin. When, however, the time did come for the mysterious chief to speak, the man of many scalps to open his mouth, profound was the attention that prevailed among all present. Even after he had arisen, the orator stood silently looking around him, as if the throes of his thoughts had to be a little suppressed, before he could trust his tongue to give them utterance.

"What is the earth?" commenced Peter, in a deep, guttural tone of voice, which the death-like stillness rendered audible even to the outermost boundaries of the circle of admiring and

curious countenances. "It is one plain, adjoining another; river after river; lake after lake; prairie touching prairie; and pleasant woods, that seem to have no limits, all given to men to dwell in. It would seem that the Great Spirit parcelled out this rich possession into hunting-grounds for all. He coloured men differently. His dearest children he painted red, which is his own colour. Them that he loved less he coloured less, and they have red only in spots. Them he loved least he dipped in a dark dye, and left them black. These are the colours of men. If there are more, I have not seen them. Some say there are. I shall think so, too, when I see them.

"Brothers, this talk about lost tribes is a foolish talk. We are not lost. We know where we are, and we know where the Yankees have come to seek us. My brother has well spoken. If any are lost, it is the Yankees. The Yankees are Jews, they are lost. The time is near when they will be found, and when they will again turn their eyes towards the

rising sun. They have looked so long towards the setting sun, that they cannot see clearly. It is not good to look too long at the same object. The Yankees have looked at our hunting-grounds until their eyes are dim. They see the hunting-grounds, but they do not see all the warriors that are in them. In time, they will learn to count them.

"Brothers, when the Great Spirit made man, he put him to live on the earth. Our traditions do not agree in saying of what he was made. Some say it was of clay, and that when his spirit starts for the happy hunting-grounds, his body becomes clay again. I do not say that this is so, for I do not know. It is not good to say that which we do not know to be true. I wish to speak only the truth. This we do know. If a warrior die, and we put him in the earth, and come to look for him many years afterwards, nothing but bones are found. All else is gone. I have heard old men say that, in time, even these bones are not to be found. It is so with trees; it may be so with men. But it is not

so with hunting-grounds. They were made to last for ever.

"Brothers, you know why we have come together on this prairie. It was to count the pale-faces, and to think of the way of making their number less. Now is a good time for such a thing. They have dug up the hatchet against each other; and when we hear of scalps taken among them, it is good for the red men. I do not think our Canada Father is more our friend than the great Yankee, Uncle Sam. It is true, he gives us more powder, and blankets, and tomahawks, and rifles than the Yankee, but it is to get us to fight his battles. We will fight his battles. They are our battles, too. For this reason we will fight his enemies.

"Brothers, it is time to think of our children. A wise chief once told me how many winters it is since a pale-face was first seen among red men. It was not a great while ago. Injins are living who have seen Injins, whose own fathers saw them first pale-faces. They were few. They were like little children, then; but now

they are grown to be men. Medicine-men are plenty among them, and tell them how to raise children. The Injins do not understand this. Small-pox, fire-water, bad hunting, and frosts, keep us poor, and keep our children from growing as fast as the children of the pale-faces.

"Brothers, all this has happened within the lives of three aged chiefs. One told to another, and he told it to a third. Three chiefs have kept that tradition. They have given it to me. I have cut notches on this stick (holding up a piece of ash, neatly trimmed, as a record,) for the winters they told me, and every winter since I have cut one more. See; there are not many notches. Some of our people say that the pale-faces are already plentier than leaves on the trees. I do not believe this. These notches tell us differently. It is true the pale-faces grow fast, and have many children, and small-pox does not kill many of them, and their wars are few; but, look at this stick. Could a canoe full of men become as many as they say, in so few winters? No; it is not so. The

stories we have heard are not true. A crooked tongue first told them. We are strong enough still to drive these strangers into the great salt lake, and get back all our hunting-grounds. This is what I wish to have done.

"Brothers, I have taken many scalps. This stick will tell the number." Here one of those terrible gleams of ferocity to which we have before alluded, passed athwart the dark countenance of the speaker, causing all present to feel a deeper sympathy in the thoughts he would express. "There are many. Every one has come from the head of a pale-face. It is now twenty winters since I took the scalp of a red man. I shall never take another. We want all of our own warriors, to drive back the strangers.

"Brothers, some Injins tell us of different tribes. They talk about distant tribes, as strangers. I tell you we are all children of the same father. All our skins are red. I see no difference between an Ojebway, and a Sac, or a Sioux. I love even a Cherokee." Here very

decided signs of dissatisfaction were manifested by several of the listeners; parties of the tribes of the great lakes having actually marched as far as the Gulf of Mexico to make war on the Indians of that region, who were generally hated by them with the most intense hatred. "He has the blood of our fathers in him. We are brothers, and should live together as brothers. If we want scalps, the pale-faces have plenty. It is sweet to take the scalp of a pale-face. I know it. My hand has done it often, and will do it again. If every Injin had taken as many scalps as I have taken, few of these strangers would now remain.

"Brothers, one thing more I have to say. I wish to hear others, and will not tell all I know, this time. One thing more I have to say, and I now say it. I have told you that we must take the scalps of all the pale-faces who are now near us. I thought there would have been more, but the rest do not come. Perhaps they are frightened. There are only six. Six scalps are not many. I am sorry they are so few. But

we can go where there will be more. One of these six is a medicine-man. I do not know what to think. It may be good to take his scalp. It may he bad. Medicine-men have great power. You have seen what this Bee-hunter can do. He knows how to talk with bees. Them little insects can fly into small places, and see things that Injins cannot see. The Great Spirit made them so. When we get back all the land, we shall get the bees with it, and may then hold a council to say what it is best to do with them. Until we know more I do not wish to touch the scalp of that Bee-hunter. It may do us great harm. I knew a medicine-man of the pale-faces to lose his scalp, and small-pox took off half the band that made him prisoner, and killed him. It is not good to meddle with medicine-men. A few days ago, and I wanted this young man's scalp, very much. Now, I do not want it. It may do us harm to touch it. I wish to let him go, and t take his squaw with him. The rest we can scalp."

Peter cunningly made no allusion to Margery, until just before he resumed his seat, though now deeply interested in her safety. As for le Bourdon, so profound was the impression he had made that morning, that few of the chiefs were surprised at the exemption proposed in his favour. The superstitious dread of witchcraft is very general among the American savages; and it certainly did seem to be hazardous to plot the death of a man, who had even the bees that were humming on all sides of them, under his control. He might at that very moment be acquainted with all that was passing; and several of the grim-looking and veteran warriors who sat in the circle, and who appeared to be men able and willing to encounter aught human, did not fail to remember the probability of a medicine-man's knowing who were his friends, and who his enemies.

When Peter sat down, there was but one man in the circle of chiefs who was resolved to oppose his design of placing Boden and Mar-

gery without the pale of the condemned. Several were undecided, scarce knowing what to think of so sudden and strange a proposition, but could not be said to have absolutely adhered to the original scheme of cutting off all. The exception was Ungque. This man —a chief by a sort of sufferance, rather than as a right—was deadly hostile to Peter's influence, as has been said, and was inclined to oppose all his plans, though compelled by policy to be exceedingly cautious how he did it. Here, however, was an excellent opportunity to strike a blow, and he was determined not to neglect it. Still, so wily was this Indian, so much accustomed to put a restraint on his passions and wishes, that he did not immediately arise, with the impetuous ardour of frank impulses, to make his reply, but awaited his time.

An Indian is but a man after all, and is liable to his weaknesses, notwithstanding the self-command he obtains by severe drilling. Bough of the Oak was to supply a proof of

this truth. He had been so unexpectedly successful in his late attempt at eloquence, that it was not easy to keep him off his feet, now that another good occasion to exhibit his powers offered. He was accordingly the next to speak.

"My brothers," said Bough of the Oak, "I am named after a tree. You all know that tree. It is not good for bows or arrows; it is not good for canoes; it does not make the best fire, though it will burn, and is hot when well lighted. There are many things for which the tree after which I am named, is not good. It is not good to eat. It has no sap, that Injins can drink, like the maple. It does not make good brooms. But it has branches like other trees, and they are tough. Tough branches are good. The boughs of the oak will not bend, like the boughs of the willow, or the boughs of the ash, or the boughs of the hickory.

"Brothers, I am a bough of the oak. I do not like to bend. When my mind is made up,

I wish to keep it where it was first put. My mind has been made up to take the scalps of *all* the pale-faces who are now in the Openings. I do not want to change it. My mind can break, but it cannot bend. It is tough."

Having uttered this brief but sententious account of his view of the matter at issue, the chief resumed his seat, reasonably well satisfied with this his second attempt to be eloquent that day. His success this time was not as unequivocal as on the former occasion, but it was respectable. Several of the chiefs saw a reasonable, if not a very logical analogy, between a man's name and his mind; and to them it appeared a tolerably fair inference that a man should act up to his name. If his name was tough, he ought to be tough too. In this it does not strike us that they argued very differently from civilized beings, who are only too apt to do that which their better judgments really condemn, because they think they are acting "in character," as it is termed.

Ungque was both surprised and delighted with this unexpected support from Bough of the Oak. He knew enough of human nature to understand, that a new-born ambition, that of talking against the great, mysterious chief, Peter, was at the bottom of this unexpected opposition; but with this he was pleased, rather than otherwise. An opposition that is founded in reason, may always be reasoned down, if reasons exist therefor; but an opposition that has its rise in any of the passions, is usually somewhat stubborn. All this the mean-looking chief, or The Weasel, understood perfectly, and appreciated highly. He thought the moment favourable, and was disposed to "strike while the iron was hot." Rising after a decent interval had elapsed, this wily Indian looked about him, as if awed by the presence in which he stood, and doubtful whether he could venture to utter his thoughts before so many wise chiefs. Having made an impression by this air of diffidence, he commenced his harangue.

"I am called The Weasel," he said, modestly. "My name is not taken from the mightiest tree of the forest, like that of my brother; it is taken from a sort of rat—an animal that lives by its wits. I am well named. When my tribe gave me that name, it was just. All Injins have not names. My great brother, who told us once that we ought to take the scalp of every white man, but who *now* tells us that we ought not to take the scalp of every white man, has no name. He is called Peter, by the pale-faces. It is a good name. But it is a pale-face name. I wish we knew the real name of my brother. We do not know his nation or his tribe. Some say he is an Ottawa, some an Iowa, some even think him a Sioux. I have heard he was a Delaware, from towards the rising sun. Some, but they must be Injins with forked tongues, think and say he is a Cherokee! I do not believe this. It is a lie. It is said to do my brother harm. Wicked Injins will say such things. But we not mind what *they* say. It is not necessary.

"My brothers, I wish we knew the tribe of this great chief, who tells us to take scalps, and then tells us not to take scalps. Then we might understand why he has told us two stories. I believe all he says, but I should like to know *why* I believe it. It is good to know why we believe things. I have heard what my brother has said about letting this Bee-hunter go to his own people, but I do not know why he believes this is best. It is because I am a poor Injin, perhaps; and because I am called The Weasel. I am an animal that creeps through small holes. That is my nature. The bison jumps through open prairies, and a horse is wanted to catch him. It is not so with the weasel; he creeps through small holes. But he always looks where he goes.

"The unknown chief, who belongs to no tribe, talks of this Bee-hunter's squaw. He is afraid of so great a medicine-man, and wishes him to go, and take all in his wigwam with him. He has no squaw. There is a young squaw in his lodge, but she is not *his* squaw.

There is no need of letting her go on his account. If we take her scalp, he cannot hurt us. In that, my brother is wrong. The bees have buzzed too near his ears. Weasels can hear, as well as other animals; and I have heard that this young squaw is not this Bee-hunter's squaw.

"If Injins are to take the scalps of all the pale-faces, why should we not begin with these who are in our hands. When the knife is ready, and the head is ready, nothing but the hand is wanting. Plenty of hands are ready, too; and it does not seem good to the eyes of a poor, miserable weasel, who has to creep through very small holes to catch his game, to let that game go when it is taken. If my great brother, who has told us not to scalp this Bee-hunter and her he calls his squaw, will tell us the name of his tribe, I shall be glad. I am an ignorant Injin, and like to learn all I can; I wish to learn that. Perhaps it will help us to understand why he gave one counsel yesterday, and another to-day. There is a reason for it. I wish to know what it is."

Ungque now slowly seated himself. He had spoken with great moderation, as to manner; and with such an air of humility as one of our demagogues is apt to assume, when he tells the people of their virtues, and seems to lament the whole time that he, himself, was one of the meanest of the greatest human family. Peter saw, at once, that he had a cunning competitor, and had a little difficulty in suppressing all exhibition of the fiery indignation he actually felt, at meeting opposition in such a quarter. Peter was artful, and practised in all the wiles of managing men, but he submitted to use his means to attain a great end. The virtual extinction of the white race was his object; and in order to effect it, there was little he would have hesitated to do. Now, however, when for the first time in many years, a glimmering of human feeling was shining on the darkness of his mind, he found himself unexpectedly opposed by one of those whom he had formerly found so difficult to persuade into his own dire plans! Had that one been a chief of

any renown, the circumstances would have been more tolerable; but here was a man, presuming to raise his voice against him, who, so far as he knew anything of his past career, had not a single claim to open his mouth in such a council. With the volcano raging within, that such a state of things would be likely to kindle in the breast of a savage who had been for years a successful and nearly unopposed leader, the mysterious chief rose to reply.

"My brother says he is a weasel," observed Peter, looking round at the circle of interested and grave countenances by which he was surrounded. "That is a very small animal. It creeps through very small holes, but not to do good. It is good for nothing. When it goes through a small hole, it is not to do the Injins a service, but for its own purposes. I do not like weasels.

"My brother is not afraid of a Bee-hunter. Can he tell us what a bee whispers? If he can, I wish he would tell us. Let him show our young men where there is more honey—where

they can find bear's meat for another feast—where they can find warriors hid in the woods.

"My brother says the Bee-hunter has no squaw. How does he know this? Has he lived in the lodge with them—paddled in the same canoe—eat of the same venison? A weasel is very small. It might steal into the Bee-hunter's lodge, and see what is there, what is doing, what is eaten, who is his squaw, and who is not—has this weasel ever done so? I never saw him there.

"Brothers; the Great Spirit has his own way of doing things. He does not stop to listen to weasels. He knows there are such animals—there are snakes, and toads, and skunks. The Great Spirit knows them all, but he does not mind them. He is wise, and hearkens only to his own mind. So should it be with a council of great chiefs. It should listen to its own mind. That is wisdom. To listen to the mind of a weasel is folly.

"Brothers, you have been told that this weasel does know the tribe of which I was born. Why should you know it? Injins once were

foolish. While the pale-faces were getting one hunting-ground after another from them, they dug up the hatchet against their own friends. They took each other's scalps. Injin hated Injin—tribe hated tribe. I am of no tribe, and no one can hate me for my people. You see my skin. It is red. That is enough. I scalp, and smoke, and talk, and go on weary paths for all Injins, and not for any tribe. I am without a tribe. Some call me the Tribeless. It is better to bear that name, than to be called a weasel. I have done."

Peter had so much success by this *argumentum ad hominem*, that most present fancied that the weasel would creep through some hole, and disappear. Not so, however, with Ungque. He was a demagogue, after an Indian fashion; and this is a class of men that ever "make capital" of abuses, as we Americans say, in our money-getting habits. Instead of being frightened off the ground, he arose to answer as promptly as if a practised debater, though with an air of humility so profound, that no one could take offence at his presumption.

"The unknown chief has answered," he said. "I am glad. I love to hear his words. My ears are always open when he speaks, and my mind is stronger. I now see that it is good he should not have a tribe. He may be a Cherokee, and then our warriors would wish him ill." This was a home-thrust, most artfully concealed; a Cherokee being the Indian of all others the most hated by the chiefs present—the Carthaginians of those western Romans. "It is better he should not have a tribe, than be a Cherokee. He might better be a weasel.

"Brothers, we have been told to kill *all* the pale-faces. I like that advice. The land cannot have two owners. If a pale-face owns it, an Injin cannot. If an Injin owns it, a pale-face cannot. But the chief without a tribe tells us not to kill all. He tells us to kill all but the Bee-hunter and his squaw. He thinks this Bee-hunter is a medicine Bee-hunter, and may do us Injins great harm. He wishes to let him go.

"Brothers, this is not my way of thinking. It is better to kill the Bee-hunter and his squaw while we can, that there may be no more such medicine Bee-hunters to frighten us Injins. If one Bee-hunter can do so much harm, what would a tribe of Bee-hunters do? I do not want to see any more. It is a dangerous thing to know how to talk with bees. It is best that no one should have that power. I would rather never taste honey again, than live among pale-faces that can talk with bees.

"Brothers, it is not enough that the pale-faces know so much more than the red men, but they must get the bees to tell them where to find honey, to find bears, to find warriors. No; let us take the scalp of the Bee-talker, and of his squaw, that there may never be such a medicine again. I have spoken."

Peter did not rise again. He felt that his dignity was involved in maintaining silence. Various chiefs now uttered their opinions, in brief, sententious language. For the first time since he began to preach his crusade, the

current was setting against the mysterious chief. The Weasel said no more, but the hints he had h rown out were improved on by others. It is with savages as with civilized men; a torrent must find vent. Peter had the sagacity to see that by attempting further to save le Bourdon and Margery, he should only endanger his own ascendancy, without effecting his purpose. Here he completely overlaid the art of Ungque, turning his own defeat into an advantage. After the matter had been discussed for fully an hour, and this mysterious chief perceived that it was useless to adhere to his new resolution, he gave it up with as much tact as the sagacious Wellington himself could manifest in yielding Catholic emancipation, or parliamentary reform, or just in season to preserve an appearance of floating in the current, and with a grace that disarmed his opponents.

"Brothers," said Peter, by way of closing the debate, "I have not seen straight. Fog sometimes gets before the eyes, and we cannot see. I have been in a fog. The breath of

my brother has blown it away. I now see clearly. I see that Bee-hunters ought not to live. Let this one die—let his squaw die, too!"

This terminated the discussion, as a matter of course. It was solemnly decided that all the pale-faces then in the Openings should be cut off. In acquiescing in this decision, Peter had no mental reservations. He was quite sincere. When, after sitting two hours longer, in order to arrange still more important points, the council arose, it was with his entire assent to the decision. The only power he retained over the subject, was that of directing the details of the contemplated massacre.

CHAPTER II.

Why is that graceful female here
With yon red hunter of the deer?
Of gentle mien and shape, she seems
For civil halls design'd;
Yet with the stately savage walks,
As she were of his kind.
PINKNEY.

THE family at Castle Meal saw nothing of any Indian until the day that succeeded the council. Gershom and Dorothy received the tidings of their sister's marriage with very little emotion. It was an event they expected; and as for bride-cake and ceremonies, of one there was none at all, and of the other no more than has been mentioned. The relatives of Margery did not break their hearts on account of the neglect with which they had been

treated, but received the young couple as if one had given her away, and the other "had pulled off her glove," as young ladies now express it, in deference to the act that generally gives the *coup de grace* to youthful female friendships. On the Openings, neither time nor breath is wasted in useless compliments; and all was held to be well done on this occasion, because it was done legally. A question might have been raised, indeed, whether that marriage had taken place under the American, or under the English flag, for General Hull, in surrendering Detroit, had included the entire territory of Michigan, as well as troops present, troops absent, and troops on the march to join him. Had he been in possession of Peter's ruthless secret, which we happen to know he was not, he could not have been more anxious to throw the mantle of British authority around all of his race on that remote frontier, that he proved himself to be. Still, it is to be presumed that the marriage would have been regarded as legal; conquered territories usually preserving

their laws and usages for a time, at least. A little joking passed, as a matter of course; for this is *de rigueur* in all marriages, except in the cases of the most cultivated; and certainly neither the corporal nor Gershom belonged to the *élite* of human society.

About the hour of breakfast, Pigeonswing came in, as if returning from one of his ordinary hunts. He brought with him venison, as well as several wild ducks that he had killed in the Kalamazoo, and three or four prairie hens. The Chippewa never betrayed exultation at the success of his exertions, but on this occasion he actually appeared sad. Dorothy received his game, and as she took the ducks and other fowls, she spoke to him.

"Thank you, Pigeonswing," said the young matron. "No pale-face could be a better provider, and many are not one-half as good."

"What provider mean, eh?" demanded the literal-minded savage. "Mean good; mean bad, eh?"

"Oh! it means good, of course. I could

say nothing against a hunter who takes so good care of us all."

"What he mean, den?"

"It means a man who keeps his wife and children well supplied with food."

"You get 'nough, eh?"

"I get enough, Pigeonswing, thanks to your industry, such as it is. Injin diet, however, is not always the best for Christian folk, though a body may live on it. I miss many things, out here in the Openings, to which I have been used all the early part of my life."

"What squaw miss, eh? P'raps Injin find him, sometime."

"I thank you, Pigeonswing, with all my heart, and am just as grateful for your good intentions, as I should be was you to do all you wish. It is the mind that makes the marcy, and not always the deed. But you can never find the food of a pale-face kitchen out here in the Openings of Michigan. When a body comes to reckon up all the good things of Ameriky, she don't know where to begin, or where

to stop. I miss tea as much as anything. And milk comes next. Then there's buckwheat and coffee—though things may be found in the woods to make coffee of, but tea has no substitute. Then, I like wheaten bread, and butter, and potatoes, and many other such articles, that I was used to all my life, until I came out here, close to sunset. As for pies and custards, I can't bear to think of 'em, now!"

Pigeonswing looked intently at the woman, as she carefully enumerated her favourites among the dishes of her home-kitchen. When she had ended, he raised a finger, looked still more significantly at her, and said—

"Why don't go back, get all dem good t'ings? Better for pale-face to eat pale-face food, and leave Injin, Injin food."

"For my part, Pigeonswing, I wish such ha ever been the law. Venison, and prairie fowls, and wild ducks, and trout, and bear's meat, and wild pigeons, and the fish that are to be found in these western rivers, are all good for them

that was brought up on 'em, but they tire an eastern palate dreadfully. Give me roast beef any day before buffalo's hump, and a good barn-yard fowl before all the game-birds that ever flew."

"Yes; dat de way pale-face squaw feel. Bess go back, and get what she like. Bess go quick as she can—go to-day."

"I'm in no such hurry, Pigeonswing, and I like these Openings well enough to stay a while longer, and see what all these Injins, that they tell me are about 'em, mean to do. Now we are fairly among your people, and on good terms with them, it is wisest to stay where we are. These are war-times, and travelling is dangerous, they tell me. When Gershom and Bourdon are ready to start, I shall be ready, too."

"Bess, get ready, now," rejoined Pigeonswing; who, having given this advice with point, as to manner, proceeded to the spring, where he knelt and slaked his thirst. The manner of the Chippewa was such as to attract the at-

tention of the missionary, who, full of his theory, imagined that this desire to get rid of the whites was, in some way or other, connected with a reluctance in the Indians to confess themselves Jews. He had been quite as much surprised as he was disappointed, with the backwardness of the chiefs in accepting this tradition, and was now in a state of mind that predisposed him to impute everything to this one cause.

"I hope, Pigeonswing," he said to the Chippewa, whom he had followed to the spring—"I hope, Pigeonswing, that no offence has been taken by the chiefs on account of what I told them yesterday, concerning their being Jews. It is what I think, and it is an honour to belong to God's chosen people, and in no sense a disgrace. I hope no offence has been taken on account of my telling the chiefs they are Jews."

"Don't care anyt'ing 'bout it," answered the literal Indian, rising from his kneeling position, and wiping his mouth withthe back of his hand. "Don't care wedder Jew, or wedder Injin."

"For my own part, gladly would I have it to say that I am descended from Israel."

"Why don't say him, if he make you grad. Good to be grad. All Injin love to be grad."

"Because I cannot say it with truth. No; I come of the Gentiles, and not of the Hebrews, else would I glory in saying I am a Jew, in the sense of extraction, though not now in the sense of faith. I trust the chiefs will not take offence at my telling them just what I think."

"Tell you he don't care," returned Pigeonswing, a little crustily. "Don't care if Jew—don't care if Injin. Know dat make no difference. Hunting-ground just same—game just same—scalps just same. Make no difference, and don't care."

"I am glad of this—but why did you advise Dorothy to quit the Openings in the hasty manner you did, if all is right with the chiefs? It is not good to start on a journey without preparation and prayer. Why, then, did you give this advice to Dorothy to quit the Openings so soon?"

"Bess for squaw to go home, when Injin dig up hatchet. Openin' full of warrior—prairie full of warrior—wood full of warrior. When dat so, bess for squaw to go home."

"This would be true, were the Indians our enemies. Heaven be praised, they are our friends, and will not harm us. Peter is a great chief, and can make his young men do what he tells them; and Peter is our friend. With Peter to stand by us, and a merciful Providence to direct us where, when, and how to go, we can have nothing to fear. I trust in Divine Providence."

"Who he be?" asked Pigeonswing, innocently, for his knowledge of English did not extend far enough to comprehend a phrase so complicated, though so familiar to ourselves. "He know all paths, eh?"

"Yes; and directs us on all paths—more especially such as are for our good."

"Bess get him to tell you path in to Detroit. Dat good path, now, for all pale-faces."

On uttering this advice, which he did also

somewhat pointedly, the Chippewa left the spring, and walked towards the kennel of Hive, where the Bee-hunter was busy feeding his old companion.

"You're welcome back, Pigeonswing," the last cordially remarked, without pausing in his occupation, however. "I saw that you came in loaded, as usual. Have you left any dead game in the Openings, for me to go and back in with you?"

"You open ear, Bourdon—you know what Injin say," returned the Chippewa, earnestly. "When dog get 'nough come wid me. Got somet'ing to tell. Bess hear it, when he *can* hear it."

"You'll find me ready enough in a minute. There, Hive, my good fellow, that ought to satisfy any reasonable dog, and I've never found you unreasonable yet. Well, Chippewa, here I am, with my ears wide open—stop, I've a bit of news, first, for your ears. Do you know, Pigeonswing, my good fellow, that I'm married?"

"Marry, eh? Got squaw, eh? Where you get him?"

"Here, to be sure—where else should I get her? There is but one girl in these Openings that I would ask to be my wife, and she has been asked, and answered yes. Parson Amen married us, yesterday, on our way in from Prairie Round; so that puts me on a footing with yourself. When you boast of your squaw that you've left in your wigwam, I can boast of mine that I have here. Margery is a girl to boast of, too!"

"Yes; good squaw, dat. Like dat squaw pretty well. Nebber see better. Bess keep squaw alway in his own wigwam."

"Well, mine is in my own wigwam. Castle Meal is my property, and she does it honour."

"Dat an't what Injin mean. Mean dis. Bess have wigwam at home, dere, where pale-face lives, and bess keep squaw in *dat* wigwam. Where my squaw, eh? She home, in my wigwam—take care of pappoose, hoe corn, and keep ground good. So bess wid white squaw—bess home at work."

"I believe I understand what you mean, Pigeon. Well, home we mean to go, before the winter sets in, and when matters have a little settled down between the English and Yankees. It isn't safe travelling just now in Michigan—you must own that yourself, my good fellow."

The Indian appeared at a loss, now, how to express himself further. On one side was his faith to his colour, and his dread of Peter and the great chiefs; on the other, his strong regard for the Bee-hunter. He pondered a moment, and then took his own manner of communicating that which he wished to say. The fact that his friend was married made no great difference in his advice, for the Indian was much too shrewd an observer not to have detected the Bee-hunter's attachment. He had not supposed it possible to separate his friend from the family of Gershom, though he did suppose there would be less difficulty in getting him to go on a path different from that which the missionary and corporal might take. His

own great purpose was to serve le Bourdon, and how many or how few might incidentally profit by it he did not care. The truth compels us to own, that even Margery's charms, and nature, and warm-hearted interest in all around her, had failed to make any impression on his marble-like feelings; while the Bee-hunter's habits, skill in his craft, and close connection with himself at the mouth of the river, and more especially in liberating him from his enemies, had united him in a comrade's friendship with her husband. It was a little singular that this Chippewa did not fall into Peter's superstitious dread of the Bee-hunter's necromancy, though he was aware of all that had passed the previous day on the prairie. Either on account of his greater familiarity with le Bourdon's habits, or because he was in the secret of the trick of the whiskey-spring, or from a closer knowledge of white men and their ways, this young Indian was freer from apprehensions of this nature, perhaps, than any one of the same colour and origin within many

miles of the spot. In a word, Pigeonswing regarded the Bee-hunter as his friend, while he looked upon the other pale-faces as so many persons thrown by accident in his company. Now that Margery had actually become his friend's squaw, his interest in her was somewhat increased; though she had never obtained that interest in his feelings, that she had awakened in the breast of Peter, by her attentions to him, her gentleness, light-hearted gaiety, and womanly care, and all without the least design on her own part.

"No," answered the Chippewa, after a moment's reflection, "no very safe for Yankee or Yankee Injin. Don't t'ink my scalp very safe, if chief know'd I'm Yankee runner. Bess way to keep scalp safe. Dem Pottawattamie take care not to see. Know all about 'em, too. Know what he *say*—know what he *do*—believe I know what he *t'ink*."

[illegible] not see your Pigeon, among the red young men, yesterday, out on Prairie Round."

"Know too much to go dere. Crowfeader

and Pottawattamie out dere. Bess not go near dem when dey have eye open. Take 'em asleep. Dat bess way wid sich Injin. Catch 'em some time! But your ear open, Bourdon?"

"Wide open, my good friend—what have you to whisper in it?"

"You look hard at Peter when he come in. If he t'ink good deal, and don't say much, when he *do* speak, mind what he say. If he smile, and very much friend, must hab his scalp."

"Chippewa, Peter is my friend, lives in my cabin, and eats of my bread! The hand that touches him touches me!"

"Which bess, eh—*his* scalp or your'n? If he *very* much friend when he come him, his scalp must come off, or your'n. Yes, juss so. Dat de way. Know Injin better dan you know him, Bourdon. You good Bee-hunter, but poor Injin. Ebberybody hab his way—Injin got his. Peter laugh and very much friend, when he come home, den he mean to hab *your* scalp. If he don't smile, and don't seem very

much friend, but look down, and t'ink, t'ink, t'ink, den he no mean to hurt you, but try to get you out of hand of chiefs. Dat all."

As Pigeonswing concluded, he walked coolly away, leaving his friend to ruminate on the alternative of scalp or no scalp! The Bee-hunter now understood the Chippewa perfectly. He was aware that this man had means of his own to ascertain what was passing around him in the Openings, and he had the utmost confidence in his integrity and good wishes. If a red man is slow to forget an injury, he never forgets a favour. In this he was as unlike as possible to most of the pale-faces who were supplanting his race, for these last had, and have, as extraordinary a tenacity in losing sight of benefits, as they have in remembering wrongs.

By some means or other, it was now clear that Pigeonswing foresaw that a crisis was at hand. Had le Bourdon been as disconnected and solitary as he was when he first met the Chippewa, it is not probable that either the

words or the manner of his friend would have produced much impression on him, so little accustomed was he to dwell on the hazards of his frontier position. But the case was now altogether changed. Margery and her claims stood foremost in his mind; and through Margery came Dolly and her husband. There was no mistaking Pigeonswing's intention. It was to give warning of some immediate danger, and a danger that, in some way, was connected with the deportment of Peter. It was easy enough to comprehend the allusions to the mysterious chief's smiles and melancholy; and the Bee-hunter understood that he was to watch that Indian's manner, and take the alarm or bestow his confidence accordingly.

Le Bourdon was not left long in doubt. Peter arrived about half-an-hour after Pigeonswing had gone to seek his rest; and from the instant he came in sight, our hero discerned the thoughtful eye and melancholy manner. These signs were still more obvious when the tribeless Indian came nearer; so obvious, indeed, as to

strike more than one of those who were interested observers of all that this extraordinary being said and did. Among others, Margery was the first to see this change, and the first to let it influence her own manner. This she did, notwithstanding le Bourdon had said nothing to her on the subject, and in defiance of the bashful feelings of a bride; which, under circumstances less marked, might have induced her to keep more in the background. As Peter stopped at the spring to quench his thirst, Margery was, in truth, the first to approach and to speak to him.

"You seem weary, Peter," said the young wife, somewhat timidly as to voice and air, but with a decided and honest manifestation of interest in what she was about. Nor had Margery gone empty-handed. She took with her a savoury dish, one of those that the men of the woods love—meat cooked in its own juices, and garnished with several little additions, that her skill in the arts of civilised life enabled her to supply.

"You seem tired, Peter, and if I did not fear to say it, I should tell you that you also seem sad," said Margery, as she placed her dish on a rude table that was kept at the spot, for the convenience of those who seldom respected hours or regularity of any sort in their meals. "Here is food that you like, which I have cooked with my own hands."

The Indian looked intently at the timid and charming young creature, who came forward thus to contribute to his comforts, and the saddened expression of his countenance deepened. He was fatigued and hungry, and he ate for some time without speaking, beyond uttering a brief expression of his thanks. When his appetite was appeased, however, and she who had so sedulously attended to his wants was about to remove the remains of the dish, he signed with his finger for her to draw nearer, intimating that he had something to say. Margery obeyed, without hesitation, though the colour flitted in her face like the changes in an evening sky. But so much good

will and confidence had been awakened between these two, that a daughter would not have drawn near to a father with more confidence than Margery stood before Peter.

"Medicine-man do what I tell him, young squaw, eh?" demanded Peter, smiling slightly, and for the first time since they had met.

"By medicine-man do you mean Mr. Amen, or Bourdon?" the bride asked in her turn, her whole face reflecting the confusion she felt, scarcely knowing why.

"Bot'. One medicine-man say his prayer; t'odder medicine-man take young squaw's hand, and lead her into his wigwam. Dat what I mean."

"I am married to Bourdon," returned Margery, dropping her eyes to the ground, "if that be what you wish to know. I hope you think I shall have a good husband, Peter?"

"Hope so, too—nebber know till time come. All good for little while—Injin good, squaw good. Juss like weadder. Sometime rain—sometime storm—sometime sunshine. Juss so

wid Injin, juss so wid pale-face. No difference. All same. You see dat cloud?—he little now; but let wind blow, he grow big, and you see nuttin' but cloud. Let him have plenty of sunshine, and he go away; den all clear over head. Dat bess way to live wid and."

"And that is the way which Bourdon and I *will* always live together. When we get back among our own people, Peter, and are living comfortably in a pale-face wigwam, with pale-face food, and pale-face drinks, and all the other good things of pale-face housekeeping about us, then I hope you will come and see how happy we are, and pass some time with us. Every year I wish you to come and see us, and to bring us venison, and Bourdon will give you powder, and lead, and blankets, and all you may want, unless it be fire-water. Fire-water he has promised never again to give to an Injin."

"No find any more whiskey-spring, eh?" demanded Peter, greatly interested in the young

woman's natural and warm-hearted manner of proposing her hospitalities. "So bess—so bess. Great curse for Injin. Plenty honey, no fire-water. All dat good. I come, if——"

Here Peter stopped, nor could all Margery's questions induce him to complete the sentence. His gaze at the earnest countenance of the bride was such as to give her an indefinite sort of uneasiness, not to say a feeling of alarm. Still no explanation passed between them. Margery remained near Peter for some time, administering to his wants, and otherwise demeaning herself much as a daughter might have done. At length le Bourdon joined them. The salutations were friendly, and the manner in which the mysterious chief regarded the equally mysterious Bee-hunter, was not altogether without a certain degree of awe. Bourden perceived this, and was not slow to comprehend that he owed this accession of influence to the scene which had occurred on the prairie.

"Is the great council ended, Peter?" asked the Bee-hunter, when the little interval of silence had been observed.

"Yes, it over. No more council, now, on Prairie Round."

"And the chiefs—have they all gone on their proper paths? What has become of all my old acquaintance, Crowsfeather?—and all the rest of them. Bear's Meat, in particular?"

"All gone. No more council, now. Agree what to do, and so go away."

"But are red men always as good as their words? Do they *perform* always what they *promise?*"

"Sartain. Ebbery man ought do what he say. Dat Injin law—no pale-face law, eh?"

"It may be the *law,* Peter, and a very good law it is; but we white men do not always *mind* our own laws."

"Dat bad. Great Spirit don't like dat," returned Peter, looking grave, and slowly shaking his head. "Dat very bad. When Injin say he do it, den he do it, if he can. If can't, no help for it. Send squaw away, now, Bourdon; bess not to let squaw hear what men say, or will always want to hear."

Le Bourdon laughed, as he turned to Margery and repeated these words. The young wife coloured, but she took it in good part, and ran up towards the palisaded lodge, like one who was glad to be rid of her companions. Peter waited a few moments, then turning his head slowly in all directions, to make sure of not being overheard, he began to lay open his mind.

"You been on Prairie Round, Bourdon; you see Injin dere—chief, warrior, young men, hunter, all dere."

"I saw them all, Peter, and a goodly sight it was—what between paint, and medals, and bows and arrows, and tomahawks, and all your bravery!"

"You like to see him, eh? Yes; he fine t'ing to look at. Well, dat council call togedder by *me*—you know dat, too, Bourdon?"

"I have heard you say that such was your intention, and I suppose you did it, chief. They tell me you have great power among your own people, and that they do very much as you tell them to do."

Peter looked graver than ever at this remark; and one of his startling gleams of ferocity passed over his dark countenance. Then he answered with his customary self-command.

"Sometime, so," he said; "sometime, not so. Yesterday, not so. Dere is chief dat want to put Peter under his foot. He try, but he no do it! I know Peter well, and know dat chief, too."

"This is news to me, Peter, and I am surprised to hear it. I did think that even the great Tecumthé was scarcely as big a chief as you are, yourself."

"Yes, pretty big chief; dat true. But, among Injin, ebbery man can speak, and nebber know which way council go. Sometime, he go one way; sometime, he go tudder. You hear Bough of Oak speak, Bourdon, eh? Tell me dat?"

"You will remember that I heard none of your speakers on Prairie Round, Peter. I do not remember any such orator as this Bough of Oak."

"He great rascal," said Peter, who had picked up some of the garrison expressions among those from whom he acquired the knowledge of English he possessed, such as it was. "Listen, Bourdon. Nebber bess stand too much in Peter's way."

The Bee-hunter laughed freely at this remark; for his own success the previous day, and the impression he had evidently made on that occasion, emboldened him to take greater liberties with the mysterious chief than had been his wont.

"I should think that, Peter," cried the young man, gaily—"I should think all that. For one, I should choose to get out of it. The path you travel is your own, and all wise men will leave you to journey along it in your own fashion."

"Yes; dat bess way," answered the great chief, with admirable simplicity. "Don't like, when he say yes, to hear anudder chief say no. Dat an't good way to do business." These were expressions caught from the trading

whites, and were often used by those who got their English from them. "I tell you one t'ing, Bourdon—dat Bough of Oak very foolish Injin if he put foot on my path."

"This is plain enough, Peter," rejoined le Bourdon, who was unconcernedly repairing some of the tools of his ordinary craft. "By the way, I am greatly in your debt, I learn, for one thing. They tell me I've got my squaw in my wigwam a good deal sooner, by your advice, than I might have otherwise done. Margery is now my wife, I suppose you know; and I thank you heartily, for helping me to get married so much sooner than I expected to be."

Here Peter grasped Bourdon by the hand, and poured out his whole soul, secret hopes, fears, and wishes. On this occasion he spoke in the Indian dialect—one of those that he knew the Bee-hunter understood. And we translate what he said freely into English, preserving as much of the original idiom as the change of language will permit.

"Listen, Hunter of the bee, and great medicine of the pale-faces, and hear what a chief that knows the red men is about to tell you. Let my words go into your ears; let them stay in your mind. They are words that will do you good. It is not wise to let such words come out again by the hole through which they have just entered.

"My young friend knows our traditions. They do not tell us that the Injins were Jews; they tell us that the Manitou created them red men. They tell us that our fathers used these hunting-grounds ever since the earth was placed on the back of the big tortoise which upholds it. The pale-faces say the earth moves. If this be true, it moves as slowly as the tortoise walks. It cannot have gone far since the Great Spirit lifted his hand off it. If it move, the hunting-grounds move with it, and the tribes move with their own hunting-grounds. It may be that some of the pale-faces are lost, but no Injin is lost—the medicine-priest is mistaken. He has looked so often in his book, that he sees

nothing but what is there. He does not see what is before his eyes, at his side, behind his back, all around him. I have known such Injins. They see but one thing, even the deer jump across their paths, and are not seen.

"Such are our traditions. They tell us that this land was given to the red men, and not to pale-faces. That none but red men have any right to hunt here. The Great Spirit has laws. He has told us these laws. They teach us to love our friends, and to hate our enemies. You don't believe this, Bourdon?" observing the Bee-hunter to wince a little, as if he found the doctrine bad.

"This is not what our priests tell *us*," answered le Bourdon. "They tell us that the white man's God commands us to love all alike —to do *good* to our enemies, to *love* them that wish us *harm*, and to treat all men as we would wish men to treat us."

Peter was a good deal surprised at this doctrine, and it was nearly a minute before he resumed the discourse. He had recently heard it

several times, and it was slowly working its way into his mind.

"Such are our traditions, and such are our laws. Look at me. Fifty winters have tried to turn my hair white. Time can do that. The hair is the only part of an Injin that ever turns white; all the rest of him is red. That is his colour. The game know an Injin by his colour. The tribes know him. Everything knows him by his colour. He knows the things which the Great Spirit has given him, in the same way. He gets used to them, and they are his acquaintances. He does not like strange things. He does not like strangers. White men are strangers, and he does not like to see them on his hunting-ground. If they come singly, to kill a few buffaloes, or to look for honey, or to catch beaver, the Injins would not complain. They love to give of their abundance. The pale faces do not come in this fashion. They do not come as guests; they come as masters. They come and they stay. Each year of my fifty have I heard of new

tribes that have been driven by them towards the setting sun.

"Bourdon, for many seasons I have thought of this. I have tried to find a way to stop them. There is but one. That way must the Injins try, or give up their hunting-grounds to the strangers. No nation likes to give up its hunting-grounds. They come from the Manitou and one day he may ask to have them back again. What could the red men say, if they let the pale-faces take them away. No; this we cannot do. We will first try the one thing that is to be done."

"I believe I understand you, Peter," observed le Bourdon, finding that his companion paused. "You mean war. War, in the Injin mode of redressing all wrongs; war against man, woman, and child!"

Peter nodded in acquiescence, fixing his glowing eyes on the Bee-hunter's face, as if to read his soul.

"Am I to understand, then, that you and your friends, the chiefs and their followers, that I saw on Prairie Round, mean to begin with

us, half-a-dozen whites, of whom two are women, who happen to be here in your power —that *our* scalps are to be the first taken?"

"First!—no, Bourdon. Peter's hand has taken a great many, years since. He has got a name for his deeds, and no longer dare go to the white men's forts. He does not look for Yankees, he looks for pale-faces. When he meets a pale-face on the prairies, or in the woods, he tries to get his scalp. This has he done for years, and many has he taken."

"This is a bloody account you are giving of yourself, Peter, and I would rather you should not have told it. Some such account I have heard before; but living with you, and eating, and drinking, and sleeping, and travelling in your company, I had not only hoped, but began to think, it was not true."

"It is true. My wish is to cut off the pale-faces. This must be done, or the pale-faces will cut off the Injins. There is no choice. One nation or the other must be destroyed. I am a red man; my heart tells me that the pale-faces should die. They are on strange hunting-

grounds, not the red men. They are wrong, we are right. But, Bourdon, I have friends among the pale-faces, and it is not natural to scalp our friends. I do not understand a religion that tells us to love our enemies, and to do good to them that do harm to us—it is a strange religion. I am a poor Injin, and do not know what to think! I shall not believe that any do this, till I see it. I understand that we ought to love our friends. Your squaw is my daughter I have called her daughter—she knows it, and my tongue is not forked, like a snake's. What it says, I mean. Once I meant to scalp your young squaw, because she was a pale-face squaw, and might be the mother of more. Now I do not mean to scalp her; my hand shall never harm her. My wisdom shall tell her how to escape from the hands of red men who seek her scalp. You, too; now you are her husband, and are a great medicine-man of the bees, my hand shall not hurt you, either. Open your ears wide, for big truths must go into them."

Peter then related in full his attempt to procure a safe passage for le Bourdon and Margery into the settlements, and its total failure. He owned that by his previous combinations he had awakened a spirit among the Indians that his present efforts could not quell. In a word, he told the whole story as it must have been made apparent to the reader, and he now came with his plans to defeat the very schemes that he had himself previously projected. One thing, however, that he did not conceal, filled the mind of his listener with horror, and created so strong an aversion to acting in concert with one who could even allude to it so coolly, that there was danger of breaking off all communications between the parties, and placing the result purely on force; a course that must have proved totally destructive to all the whites. The difficulty arose from a *naïve* confession of Peter's, that he did not even wish to save any but le Bourdon and Margery, and that he still desired the deaths of all the others, himself!

CHAPTER III.

For thou wert born of woman! Thou didst come,
O Holiest! to this world of sin and gloom,
Not in thy dread omnipotent array;
And not by thunders strewed
Was thy tempestuous road,
Nor indignation burnt before thee on thy way:
But thee, a soft and naked child,
Thy mother undefiled,
In the rude manger laid to rest
From off her virgin breast.

THE blood of the Bee-hunter curdled in his veins as he listened to Peter's business-like and direct manner of treating this terrible subject. Putting the most favourable view on his situation, it was frightful to look on. Admitting that this fanatical savage were sincere in all his professions of a wish to save him and Margery, and le Bourdon did not, nay *could* not doubt

this, after his calm, but ferocious revelations; but, admitting all this to be true, how was he to escape with his charming bride, environed as they were by so large a band of hostile Indians. Then the thought of abandoning his other companions, and attempting, in cold selfishness, to escape with Margery alone, was more than he could bear. Never before, in his adventurous and bold life, had le Bourdon been so profoundly impressed with a sense of his danger, or so much overcome.

Still, our hero was not unmanned. He saw all the hazards, as it were, at a glance, and felt how terrible might be the result should they really fall into the hands of the warriors, excited to exercise their ingenuity in devising the means of torture; and he gazed into the frightful perspective with a manly steadiness that did him credit, even while he sickened at the prospect.

Peter had told his story in a way to add to its horrible character. There was a manner of truth, of directness, of *work*, if one may use such an expression on such a subject, that gave

a graphic reality to all he said. As if his task was done, the mysterious chief now coolly arose, and moved away to a little grove, in which the missionary and the corporal had thrown themselves on the grass, where they lay speculating on the probable course that the bands in their neighbourhood would next pursue. So thoroughly possessed was the clergyman with his one idea, however, that he was expressing regret at his failure in the attempt to convince the savages that they were Jews, when Peter joined them.

"You tired—you lie down in daytime, like sick squaw, eh?" asked the Indian, in a slightly satirical manner. "Bess be up, sich fine day, and go wid me to see some more chief."

"Most gladly, Peter," returned the missionary, springing to his feet with alacrity —"and I shall have one more opportunity to show your friends the truth of what I have told them."

"Yes, Injin love to hear trut'—hate to hear lie. Can tell 'em all you want to say. He go

too, eh?" pointing to the corporal, who rather hung back, as if he saw that in the invitation which was not agreeable to him.

"I will answer for my friend," returned the confiding missionary, cheerfully. "Lead on, Peter, and we will follow."

Thus pledged, the corporal no longer hesitated; but he accompanied Parson Amen, as the latter fell into the tracks of the chief, and proceeded rapidly in the direction of the spring in the piece of bottom-land, where the council first described had been held. This spot was about two miles from the palisaded house, and quite out of view, as well as out of reach of sound. As they walked side by side, taking the footsteps of the great chief for their guides, the corporal, however, expressed to his companion his dislike of the whole movement.

"We ought to stand by our garrison in times like these, Mr. Amen," said the well-meaning soldier. "A garrison is a garrison; and Injins seldom do much on a well-built and boldly-defended spot of that natur'. They want

artillery, without which their assaults are never very formidable."

"Why talk you of warlike means, corporal, when we are in the midst of friends? Is not Peter our known and well-tried associate, one with whom you and I have travelled far; and do we not know that we have friends among these chiefs, whom we are now going to visit? The Lord has led me into these distant and savage regions, to carry his word, and to proclaim his name; and a most unworthy and unprofitable servant should I prove, were I to hesitate about approaching them I am appointed to teach. No, no; fear nothing. I will not say that you carry Cæsar and his fortunes, as I have heard was once said of old, but I will say you follow one who is led of God, and who marches with the certainty of being divinely commanded."

The corporal was ashamed to oppose so confident an enthusiam, and he offered no further resistance. Together the two followed their leader, who, turning neither to the right hand

nor to the left, soon had them out of sight of the castle, and well on their way towards the spring. When about half the distance was made, the direction took the party through a little thicket, or rather along its margin, and the missionary, a good deal to his surprise, saw Pigeonswing within the cover, seemingly preparing for another hunt. This young warrior had so lately returned from one excursion of this nature, that he was not expected to go forth so soon on another. Nor was he accustomed to go out so early in the day. This was the hour in which he ordinarily slept; but there he was, beyond a question, and apparently looking at the party as it passed. So cold was his manner, however, and so indifferent did he seem, that no one would have suspected that he knew aught of what was in contemplation. Having satisfied himself that his friend, the Bee-hunter, was not one of those who followed Peter, the Chippewa turned coldly away, and began to examine the flint of his rifle. The corporal noted this manner, and it

gave him additional confidence to proceed; for he could not imagine that any human being would manifest so much indifference, when sinister designs existed.

Peter turned neither to the right hand nor to the left, until he had led the way down upon the little arena of bottom-land, already described, and which was found well sprinkled with savages. A few stood, or sat about in groups, earnestly conversing; but most lay extended at length on the greensward, in the indolent repose that is so grateful to an Indian warrior in his hours of inaction. The arrival of Peter, however, instantly put a new face on the appearance of matters. Every man started to his feet, and additions were made to those who were found in the arena by those who came out of the adjacent thickets, until some two or three hundred of the red men were assembled in a circle around the newly-arrived pale-faces.

"There," said Peter, sternly, fastening his eye with a hostile expression on Bough of the

Oak and Ungque, in particular—"There are your captives. Do with them as you will. As for them that have dared to question my faith, let them own that they are liars!"

This was not a very amicable salutation, but savages are accustomed to plain language. Bough of the Oak appeared a little uneasy, and Uugque's countenance denoted dissatisfaction; but the last was too skilful an actor, to allow many of the secrets of his plotting mind to shine through the windows of his face. As for the crowd at large, gleams of content passed over the bright red faces, illuminating them with looks of savage joy. Murmurs of approbation were heard, and Crowsfeather addressed the throng, there, where it stood, encircling the two helpless, and as yet but half-alarmed victims of so fell a plot.

"My brothers and my young men can now see," said this Pottawattamie, "that the tribeless chief has an Injin heart. His heart is *not* a pale-face heart—it is that of a red man. Some of our chiefs have thought that he had

lived too much with the stranger, and that he had forgotten the traditions of our fathers, and was listening to the song of the medicine-priest. Some thought that he believed himself lost, and a Jew, and not an Injin. This is not so. Peter knows the path he is on. He knows that he is a red-skin, and he looks on the Yankees as enemies. The scalps he has taken are so numerous they cannot be counted. He is ready to take more. Here are two that he gives to us. When we have done with these two captives, he will bring us more. He will continue to bring them, until the pale-faces will be as few as the deer in their own clearings. Such is the will of the Manitou."

The missionary understood all that was said, and he was not a little appalled at the aspect of things. For the first time, he began to apprehend that he was in danger. So much was this devout and well-intentioned servant of his church accustomed to place his dependence on a superintending Providence, that apprehension of personal suffering seldom had

any influence on his exertions. He believed himself to be an object of especial care; though he was ever ready to admit that the wisdom which human minds cannot compass, might order events that, at first sight, would seem to be opposed to that which ought to be permitted to come to pass. In this particuluar Parson Amen was a model of submission, firmly believing that all that happened was in furtherance of the great scheme of man's regeneration, and eventual salvation.

With the corporal, it was very different. Accustomed to war with red men, and most acquainted with them in their worst character, he ever suspected treachery, and had followed Peter with a degree of reluctance he had not cared to express. He now thoroughly took the alarm, however, and stood on his guard. Although he did not comprehend more than half of that which Peter had said, he understood quite enough to see that he and the missionary were surrounded by enemies, if not by executioners.

"We have fallen into a sort of ambush, here, Parson Amen," cried the corporal, rattling his arms, as he looked to their condition, "and it's high time we beat the general. If there were four on us, we might form a square; but, being only two, the best thing we can do will be to stand back to back, and for one to keep an eye on the right flank, while he nat'rally watches all in front, and for the other to keep an eye on the left flank, while he sees to the rear. Place your back close to mine, and take the left flank into your part of the look-out. Closer, closer, my good sir; we must stand solid as rooted trees, to make anything of a stand."

The missionary, in his surprise, permitted the corporal to assume the position described, though conscious of its uselessness in their actual condition. As for the Indians, the corporal's manner, and the rattling of his arms, induced the circle to recede several paces; though nothing like alarm prevailed among them. The effect, nevertheless, was to leave the two captives space for their evolutions, and a sort of

breathing time. This little change had the appearance of something like success, and it greatly encouraged the corporal. He began to think it even possible to make a retreat that would be as honourable as any victory.

"Steady—keep shoulder to shoulder, Parson Amen, and take care of your flank. Our movement must be by our left flank, and everything depends on keeping that clear. I shall have to give you my baggonet, for you're entirely without arms, which leaves my rear altogether exposed."

"Think nothing of your arms, Brother Flint—they would be useless in my hands in any case; and, were we made of muskets, they could be of no use against these odds. My means of defence come from on high; my armour is faith; and my only weapon, prayer. I shall not hesitate to use the last on this, as on all other occasions."

The missonary then called on the circle of curious savages by whom he was surrounded, and who certainly contemplated nothing less

than his death, in common with those of all his white companions, to unite with him in addressing the throne of Grace. Accustomed to preach and pray to these people in their own dialect, the worthy parson made a strong appeal to their charities, while supplicating the favours of Divine Providence in behalf of himself and his brother captive. He asked for all the usual benedictions and blessings on his enemies, and made a very happy exposition of those sublime dogmas of Christianity, which teach us to "bless them that curse us," and to "pray for those who despitefully use us." Peter, for the first time in his life, was now struck with the moral beauty of such a sentiment, which seldom fails, when duly presented, of producing an effect on even the dullest minds. His curiosity was touched, and instead of turning coldly, as had been his intention, and leaving the captives in the hands of those to whom he had delivered them, he remained in the circle, and paid the closest attention to all of the proceedings. He had several times pre-

viously heard the missionary speak of this duty as a command of God, but never before had he deemed it possible to realize such a thing in practice.

The Indians, if not absolutely awe-struck by the singular spectacle before them, seemed well disposed to let the missionary finish his appeal; some wondering, others doubting, and all more or less at a loss to know what to make of an exhibition so unusual. There stood the corporal, with his back pressed closely to that of his companion, his musket at "make ready," and his whole mien that of a man with every nerve screwed to the sticking-point; while the missionary, the other side of the picture, with outstretched arms was lifting his voice in prayer to the throne of the Most High. As this extraordinary scene continued, the corporal grew excited, and ere long his voice was occasionally heard, blended with that of the clergyman, in terms of advice and encouragement.

"Blaze away, Mr. Amen," shouted the soldier. "Give 'em another volley—you're doing

wonders, and their front has given ground! One more such volley as the last, and we'll make a forward movement, ourselves—attention!—prepare to march by the left flank, as soon as there is a good opening!".

That good opening, however, was never made. The savages, though astonished, were by no means frightened, and had not the smallest idea of letting their captives escape. On the contrary, Bear's Meat, who acted as commander-in-chief on this occasion, was quite self-possessed, and so far from being impressed with the missionary's prayer, he listened to it only in the hope of hearing some admission of weakness escape. But the excitement of the corporal soon produced a crisis. His attempts to make a movement "by the left flank," caused his column of defence to be broken, and obtaining no assistance from Parson Amen, who was still pouring out his soul in prayer, while endeavouring to bring things back to their original state, he suddenly found himself surrounded and disarmed. From that instant,

the corporal changed his tactics. So long as he was armed and comparatively free, he had bethought him only of the means of resistance; now that these were denied him, he submitted, and summoned all his resolution to bear the penalties of his captivity, in a manner that might not do discredit to his regiment. This was the third time that Corporal Flint had been a prisoner amongst the Indians, and he was not now to learn the nature of their tender mercies. His forebodings were not of the most pleasant character; but that which could not be helped, he was disposed to bear with manly fortitude. His greatest concern, at that fearful moment, was for the honour of his corps.

All this time, Parson Amen continued his prayer. So completely was his spirit occupied with the duty of offering up his petition, that he was utterly unconscious of what else had passed; nor had he heard one of the corporal's appeals for "attention," and to be "steady," and to march "by the left flank." In a word, the whole man was intent on prayer; and when

thus employed, a six-pounder discharged in the circle, would hardly have disconcerted him. He persevered, therefore, uninterrupted by his conquerors, until he concluded in his own way. Having thus fortified his soul, and asked for succour where he had now so long been accustomed to seek and to find it, the worthy missionary took his seat quietly on a log, on which the corporal had been previously placed by his captors.

The time had arrived for the chiefs to proceed in the execution of their purposes. Peter profoundly struck with the prayers of the missionary in behalf of his enemies, had taken a station a little on one side, where he stood ruminating on what he had just heard. If ever precept bore the stamp of a divine origin, it is this. The more we reflect on it, the clearer do our perceptions of this truth become. The whole scheme of Christ's redemption and future existence is founded in love, and such a system would be imperfect while any were excluded from its benefits. To love those who

reciprocate our feelings is so very natural, that the sympathies which engender this feeling, are soonest attracted by a knowledge of their existence; love producing love, as power increases power. But to love those who hate us, and to strive to do good to those who are plotting evil against ourselves, greatly exceeds the moral strength of man, unaided from above. This was the idea that puzzled Peter, and he now actually interrupted the proceedings, in order to satisfy his mind on a subject so totally new to him. Previously, however, to taking this step, he asked the permission of the principal chiefs, awakening in their bosoms, by means of his explanations, some of the interest in this subject that he felt himself.

"Brother medicine-man," said the mysterious chief, drawing nearer to the missionary, accompanied himself by Bear's Meat, Crows-feather, and one or two more, "you have been talking to the Great Spirit of the pale-faces. We have heard your words, and think them well. They are good words for a man about to

set out on the path that leads to the unknown lands. Thither we must all go some time, and it matters little when. We may not all travel the same path. I do not think the Manitou will crowd tribes of different colours together, there, as they are getting to be crowded together here.

"Brother, you are about to learn how all these things really are. If red men, and pale-faces, and black men are to live in the same land after death, you will shortly know it. My brother is about to go there. He and his friend this warrior of his people, will travel on that long path in company. I hope they will agree by the way, and not trouble each other. It will be convenient to my brother to have a hunter with him; the path is so long, he will be hungry before he gets to the end. This warrior knows how to use a musket, and we shall put his arms with him in his grave.

"Brother, before you start on this journey, from which no traveller ever returns, let his colour be what it may, we wish to hear you

speak further about loving our enemies. This is not the Indian rule. The red men hate their enemies and love their friends. When they ask the Manitou to do anything to their enemies, it is to do them harm. This is what our fathers taught us: it is what we teach our children. Why should we love them that hate us? why should we do good to them that do us harm? Tell us now, or we may never hear the reason."

"Tell you I will, Peter, and the Lord so bless my words, that they may soften your hearts, and lead you all to the truth, and to dependence on the mediation of his blessed Son! We should do good to them that do evil to us, because the Great Spirit has commanded us so to do. Ask your own heart if this is not right? If they sound like words that are spoken by any but those who have been taught by the Manitou, himself? The devils tell us to revenge, but God commands us to forgive. It is easy to do good to them that do good to us; but it tries the heart sorely

to do good to them that do us evil. I have spoken to you of the Son of the Great Spirit. He came on earth, and told us with his own mouth all these great truths; he said that next to the duty of loving the Manitou, was the duty of loving our neighbours. No matter whether friend or enemy; it was our duty to love them, and do them all the good we can. If there is no venison in their wigwams, we should take the deer from off our own poles, and carry it and put it on theirs. Why have I come here to tell you this? When at home, I lived under a good roof, eat of abundance, and slept in a soft and warm bed. You know how it is here. We do not know to day what we shall eat to-morrow. Our beds are hard, and our roofs are of bark. I come, because the Son of the Manitou, he who came and lived among men, told us to do all this. His commands to his medicine-men were to go forth, and tell all nations, and tribes, and colours, the truth—to tell them to 'love them that sought to do them harm, and to do good for evil.'"

Parson Amen pausing a moment to take breath, Ungque, who detected the wavering of Peter's mind, and who acted far more in opposition to the mysterious and tribeless chief than from any other motive, profited by the occasion thus afforded to speak. Without this pause, however, the breeding of an Indian would have prevented any interruption.

"I open my mouth to speak," said The Weasel, in his humblest manner. "What I say is not fit for the wise chiefs to hear. It is foolish, but my mind tells me to say it. Does the medicine-man of the pale-faces tell us that the Son of the Great Spirit came upon earth, and lived among men?"

"I do; such is our belief; and the religion we believe and teach cometh directly from his mouth."

"Let the medicine-man tell the chiefs how long the Son of the Great Spirit stayed on earth, and which way he went when he left it?"

Now, this question was put by Ungque through profound dissimulation. He had heard

of the death of Christ, and had obtained some such idea of the great sacrifice, as would be apt to occur to the mind of a savage. He foresaw that the effect of the answer would be very likely to destroy most of the influence that the missionary had just been building up, by means of his doctrine and his prayers. Parson Amen was a man of singular simplicity of character, but he had his misgivings touching the effect of this reply. Still, he did not scruple about giving it, or attempt in any manner to mystify or to deceive.

"It is a humiliating and sad story, my brethren, and one that ought to cause all heads to be bowed to the earth in shame," he answered. "The Son of the Great Spirit came among men; he did nothing but good; told those who heard him how to live and how to die. In return for all this, wicked and unbelieving men put him to death. After death his body was taken up into Heaven — the region of departed spirits, and the dwelling-place of his Father, where he now is, waiting

for the time when he is to return to the earth, to reward the good and to punish the wicked. That time will surely come; nor do I believe the day to be very distant."

The chiefs listened to this account with grave attention. Some of them had heard outlines of the same history before. Accounts savouring of the Christian history had got blended with some of their own traditions, most probably the fruits of the teachings of the earlier missionaries, but were so confused and altered, as to be scarcely susceptible of being recognised. To most of them, however, the history of the incarnation of the Son of God was entirely new; and it struck *them* as a most extraordinary thing altogether, that any man should have injured such a being! It was, perhaps, singular that no one of them all doubted the truth of the tradition itself. This they supposed to have been transmitted with the usual care, and they received it as a fact not to be disputed. The construction that was put on its circumstances will best appear in he remarks that followed.

"If the pale-faces killed the Son of the Great Spirit," said Bough of the Oak, pointedly, "we can see why they wish to drive the red men from their lands. Evil spirits dwell in such men, and they do nothing but what is bad. I am glad that our great chief has told us to put the foot on this worm and crush it, while yet the Indian foot is large enough to do it. In a few winters they would kill us, as they killed the Spirit that did them nothing but good!"

"I am afraid that this mighty tradition hath a mystery in it that your Indian minds will scarcely be willing to receive," resumed the missionary, earnestly. "I would not, for a thousand worlds, or to save ten thousand lives as worthless as my own, place a straw in the way of the faith of any; yet must I tell the thing as it happened. This Son of the Great Spirit was certainly killed by the Jews of that day, so far as he *could* be killed. He possessed two natures, as indeed do all men; the body and soul. In his body, he was man, as we all

are men; in his soul he was a part of the Great Spirit himself. This is the great mystery of our religion. We cannot tell how it can happen, but we believe it. We see around us a thousand things that we cannot understand, and this is one of them."

Here Bear's Meat availed himself of another pause, to make a remark. This he did with the keenness of one accustomed to watch words and events closely, but with a simplicity that showed no vulgar disposition to scepticism.

"We do not expect that all the Great Spirit does can be clear to us Indians," he said. "We know very little; he knows everything. Why should we think to know all that he knows? We do not. That part of the tradition gives us no trouble. Indians can believe without seeing. They are no squaws, that wish to look behind every bush. But my brother has told too much for his own good. If the pale-faces killed their Great Spirit, they can have no Manitou, and must be in the hands of the Evil Spirit. This is the reason they want

our hunting-grounds. I will not let them come any nearer to the setting sun. It is time to begin to kill them, as they killed their Great Spirit. The Jews did this. My brother wishes us to think that red men are Jews! No; red men never harmed the Son of the Great Spirit. They would receive him as a friend, and treat him as a chief. Accursed be the hand that should be raised to harm him. This tradition is a wise tradition. It tells us many things. It tells us that Injins are not Jews. They never hurt the Son of the Great Spirit. It tells us that the red men have always lived on these hunting-grounds, and did not come from towards the rising sun. It tells us that pale-faces are not fit to live. They are too wicked. Let them die."

"I would ask a question," put in Peter. "This tradition is not knew. I have heard it before. It entered but a little way into my ears. I did not think of it. It has now entered deeper; and I wish to hear more. Why did not the Son of the Great Spirit kill the Jews?—why did he let the Jews kill him? Will my brother say?"

"He came on earth to die for man, whose wickedness was so deep, that the Great Spirit's justice could not be satisfied with less. *Why* this is so, no one knows. It is enough that it should be so. Instead of thinking of doing harm to his tormentors and murderers, he died for them, and died asking for benefits on them, and on their wives and children, for all time to come. It was he who commanded us to good to them that do harm to us."

Peter gave the utmost attention to this answer, and when he had received it, he walked apart, musing profoundly. It is worthy of being observed, that not one of these savages raised any hollow objections to the incarnation of the Son of the Great Spirit, as would have been the case with so many civilized men. To them this appeared no more difficult and incomprehensible than most of that which they saw around them. It is when we begin to assume the airs of philosophy, and to fancy, because we know a little, that the whole book of knowledge is within our grasp, that men be-

come sceptics. There is not a human being now in existence who does not daily, hourly see that which is just as much beyond his powers of comprehension, as this account of the incarnation of the Deity, and the whole doctrine of the Trinity; and yet he acquiesces in that which is before his eyes, because it is familiar and he sees it, while he cavils at all else, though the same unknown and inexplicable cause lies behind everything. The deepest philosophy is soon lost in this general mystery, and, to the eye of a meek reason, all around us is a species of miracle, which must be referred to the power of the Deity.

While thus disposed to receive the pale-face traditions with respect, however, the red men did not lose sight of their own policy and purposes. The principal chiefs now stepped aside, and held a brief council. Though invited to do so, Peter did not join them; leaving to Bough of the Oak, Ungque and Bear's Meat the control of the result. The question was, whether the original intention of including this medicine-

priest among those to be cut off, should, or should not, be adhered to. One or two of the chiefs had their doubts, but the opinion of the council was adverse.

"If the pale-faces killed the Son of their Great Spirit, why should we hesitate about killing them?" the Weasel asked, with malicious point, for he saw that Peter was now sorely troubled at the probability of his own design being fully carried out. "There is no difference. This is a medicine-priest—in the wigwam is a medicine-bee-hunter, and that warrior may be a medicine-warrior. We do not know. We are poor Injins that know but little. It is not so with the pale-faces: they talk with the conjurer's bees, and know much. We shall not have ground enough to take even a muskrat soon, unless we cut off the strangers. The Manitou has given us these; let us kill them."

As no one very strenuously opposed the scheme, the question was soon decided, and Ungque was commissioned to communicate

the result to the captives. One exception, however, was to be made in favour of the missionary. His object appeared to be peaceful, and it was determined that he should be led a short distance into the surrounding thicket, and be there put to death, without any attempt to torture, or aggravate his sufferings. As a mark of singular respect, it was also decided not to scalp him.

As Ungque, and those associated with him, led the missionary to the place of execution, the former artfully invited Peter to follow. This was done simply because the Weasel saw that it would now be unpleasant to the man he hated—hated, merely because he possessed an influence that he coveted for himself.

"My father will see a pleasant sight," said the wily Weasel, as he walked at Peter's side, towards the indicated spot; "he will see a pale-face die, and know that his foot has been put upon another worm."

No answer was made to this ironical remark, but Peter walked in silence to the place where

the missionary was stationed, surrounded by a guard. Ungque now advanced, and spoke.

"It is time for the medicine-priest of the pale-faces to start after the spirits of his people who have gone before him," he said. "The path is long; and unless he walks fast, and starts soon, he may not overtake them. I hope he will see some of them that helped to kill the Son of his Great Spirit, starving, and foot-sore, on the way."

"I understand you," returned the missionary, after a few moments passed in recovering from the shock of this communication. "My hour is come. I have held my life in my hand ever since I first put foot in this heathen region; and if it be the Creator's will that I am now to die, I bow to the decree. Grant me a few minutes for prayer to my God."

Ungque signed that the delay should be granted. The missionary uncovered his head, knelt, and again lifted up his voice in prayer. At first the tones were a little tremulous; but they grew firmer as he proceeded. Soon they

became as serene as usual. He first asked mercy for himself, threw all his hopes on the great atonement, and confessed how far he was from that holiness which alone could fit him to see God. When this duty was performed, he prayed for his enemies. The language used was his mother tongue, but Peter comprehended most of that which was said. He heard his own people prayed for; he heard his own name mentioned, as the condemned man asked the mercy of the Manitou in his behalf. Never before was the soul of this extraordinary savage so shaken. The past seemed like a dream to him, while the future possessed a light that was still obscured by clouds. Here was an exemplification in practice of that divine spirit of love and benevolence which had struck him, already, as so very wonderful. There could be no mistake. There was the kneeling captive, and his words, clear, distinct, and imploring, ascended through the cover of the bushes to the throne of God.

As soon as the voice of the missionary was

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mute, the mysterious chief bowed his head and moved away. He was then powerless. No authority of his could save the captive; and the sight that so lately would have cheered his eyes, was now too painful to bear. He heard the single blow of the tomahawk which brained the victim, and he shuddered from head to foot. It was the first time such a weakness had ever come over him. As for the missionary, in deference to his pursuits, his executioners dug him a grave, and buried him unmutilated on the spot where he had fallen.

CHAPTER IV.

Brutal alike in deed and word,
With callous heart and hand of strife,
How like a fiend may man be made,
Plying the foul and monstrous trade
Whose harvest-field is human life.

WHITTIER.

A VEIL, like that of oblivion, dropped before the form of the missionary. The pious persons who had sent him forth to preach to the heathen never knew his fate; a disappearance that was so common to that class of devoted men, as to produce regret rather than surprise. Even those who took his life felt a respect for him; and, strange as it may seem, it was to the eloquence of the man who now would have died to save him that his death was alone to be

attributed. Peter had awakened fires that he could not quench, and aroused a spirit that he could not quell. In this respect, he resembled most of those who, under the guise of reform or revolution, in moments of doubt, set in motion a machine that is found impossible to control, when it is deemed expedient to check exaggeration by reason. Such is often the case with even well-intentioned leaders, who constantly are made to feel how much easier it is to light a conflagration than to stay its flames when raging.

Corporal Flint was left seated on the log, while the bloody scene of the missionary's death was occurring. He was fully alive to all the horrors of his own situation, and comprehended the nature of his companion's movements. The savages usually manifested so much respect for missionaries, that he was in no degree surprised. Parson Amen had been taken apart for his execution, and when those who had caused his removal returned, the corporal looked anxiously for the usual but revolt-

ing token of his late companion's death. As has been said, however, the missionary was suffered to lie in his wild grave, without suffering a mutilation of his remains.

Notwithstanding this moderation, the Indians were getting to be incited by this taste of blood. The principal chiefs became sterner in their aspects, and the young men began to manifest some such impatience as that which the still untried pup betrays, when he first scents his game. All these were ominous symptoms, and were well understood by the captive.

Perhaps it would not have been possible in the whole range of human feelings, to find two men under influences more widely opposed to each other, than were the missionary and the corporal in this their last scene on earth. The manner of Parson Amen's death has been described. He died in humble imitation of his Divine Master, asking for blessings on those who were about to destroy him, with a heart softened by Christian graces, and a meekness

that had its origin in the consciousness of his own demerits. On the other hand, the corporal thought only of vengeance. Escape, he knew to be impossible, and he would fain take his departure like a soldier, or as he conceived a soldier should die in the midst of fallen foes.

Corporal Flint had a salutary love of life, and would very gladly escape did the means offer; but, failing of these, all his thoughts turned towards revenge. Some small impulses of ambition, or what it is usual to dignify with that term, showed themselves even at that serious moment. He had heard around the camp-fires, and in the garrisons, so many tales of heroism and of fortitude manifested by soldiers who had fallen into the hands of the Indians, that a faint desire to enrol his own name on the list of these worthies was beginning to arise in his breast. But truth compels us to add, that the predominant feeling was the wish to revenge his own fate, by immolating as many of his foes as possible. To this last purpose, therefore, his thoughts were mainly

directed during that interval which his late companion had employed in prayers for those under whose blows he was about to fall. Such is the difference in man with his heart touched or untouched by the power of the Holy Spirit.

It was, however, much easier for the corporal to entertain designs of the nature mentioned, than to carry them out; unarmed, surrounded by watchful enemies, and totally without support of any sort, the chances of effecting his purpose were small indeed. Once, for a minute only, the veteran seriously turned his thoughts to escape. It occurred to him, that he might possibly reach the castle, could he get a little start; and should the Indians compel him to run the gauntlet, as was often their practice, he determined to make an effort for life in that mode. Agreeably to the code of frontier warfare, a successful flight of this nature was scarcely less creditable than a victory in the field.

Half an hour passed after the execution of the Missionary, before the chiefs commenced

their proceedings with the corporal. The delay was owing to a consultation, in which the Weasel had proposed despatching a party to the castle, to bring in the family, and thus make a common destruction of the remaining pale-faces, known to be in that part of the Openings. Peter did not dare to oppose this scheme, himself; but he so managed as to get Crowsfeather to do it, without bringing himself into the foreground. The influence of the Pottawattamie prevailed, and it was decided to torture this one captive, and to secure his scalp, before they proceeded to work their will on the others. Ungque, who had gained ground rapidly by his late success, was once more commissioned to state to the captive the intentions of his captors.

"Brother," commenced the Weasel, placing himself directly in front of the corporal, "I am about to speak to you. A wise warrior opens his ears, when he hears the voice of his enemy. He may learn something, it will be good for him to know. It will be good for you to know what I am about to say.

"Brother, you are a pale-face, and we are Injins. You wish to get our hunting-grounds, and we wish to keep them. To keep them it has become necessary to take your scalp. I hope you are ready to let us have it."

The corporal had but an indifferent knowledge of the Indian language, but he comprehended all that was uttered on this occasion. Interest quickened his faculties, and no part of what was said was lost. The gentle, slow, deliberate manner in which the Weasel delivered himself, contributed to his means of understanding. He was fortunately prepared for what he heard, and the announcement of his approaching fate did not disturb him to the degree of betraying weakness. This last was a triumph in which the Indians delighted, though they ever showed the most profound respect for such of their victims as manifested a manly fortitude. It was necessary to reply, which the corporal did in English, knowing that several present could interpret his words. With a view to render this the more easy, he spoke

in fragments of sentences, and with great deliberation.

"Injins," returned the corporal, "you surrounded me, and I have been taken prisoner,—had there been a platoon on us, you might n't have made out quite so well. It's no great victory for three hundred warriors to overcome a single man. I count Parson Amen as worse than nothing, for he looked to neither rear nor flank. If I could have half an hour's work upon you, with only half of our late company, I think we should lower your conceit. But that is impossible, and so you may do just what you please with me. I ask no favours."

Although this answer was very imperfectly translated, it awakened a good deal of admiration. A man who could look death so closely in the face, with so much steadiness, became a sort of hero, in Indian eyes; and with the North American savage, fortitude is a virtue not inferior to courage. Murmurs of approbation were heard, and Ungque was privately requested to urge the captive further, in order to

see how far present appearances were likely to be maintained.

"Brother, I have said that we are Injins," resumed the Weasel, with an air so humble, and a voice so meek, that a stranger might have supposed he was consoling, instead of endeavouring to intimidate the prisoner. "It is true. We are nothing but poor ignorant Injins. We can only torment our prisoners after Injin fashion. If we were pale-faces, we might do better. We did not torment the medicine-priest. We were afraid he would laugh at our mistakes. He knew a great deal. We know but little. We do as well as we know how.

"Brother, when Injins do as well as they know how, a warrior should forget their mistakes. We wish to torment you in a way to prove that you are all over man. We wish so to torment you, that you will stand up under the pain in such a way, that it will make our young men think your mother was not a squaw —that there is no woman in you. We do this for our own honour, as well as for yours. It will be an honour for us to have such a captive.

It will be an honour to you to be such a captive. We shall do as well as we know how.

"Brother, it is most time to begin. The tormenting will last a long time. We must not let the medicine-priest get too great a start on the path to the happy hunting-grounds of your ——"

Here a most unexpected interruption occurred, that effectually put a stop to the eloquence of Ungque. In his desire to make an impression, the savage approached within reach of the captive's arm, while his own mind was intent on the words that he hoped would make the prisoner quail. The corporal kept his eye on that of the speaker, charming him, as it were, into a riveted gaze, in return. Watching his opportunity, he caught the tomahawk from the Weasel's belt, and, by a single blow, felled him dead at his feet. Not content with this, the old soldier now bounded forward, striking right and left, inflicting six or eight wounds on others, before he could be again arrested, disarmed, and bound. While the last was doing, Peter withdrew, unobserved.

Many were the "hughs" and other exclamations of admiration that succeeded this display of desperate manhood! The body of the Weasel was removed, and interred, while the wounded withdrew to attend to their hurts; leaving the arena to the rest assembled there. As for the corporal, he was pretty well blown, and, in addition to being now bound, hand and foot, his recent exertions, which were terrific while they lasted, effectually incapacitated him from making any move, so long as he was thus exhausted and confined.

A council was now held by the principal chiefs. Ungque had few friends. In this, he shared the fate of most demagogues, who are commonly despised even by those they lead and deceive. No one regretted him much, and some were actually glad of his fate. But the dignity of the conquerors must be vindicated. It would never do to allow a pale-face to obtain so great an advantage, and not take a signal vengeance for his deeds. After a long consultation, it was determined to subject the captive

to the trial by saplings, and thus see if he could bear the torture without complaining. As some of our readers may not understand what this fell mode of tormenting is, it may be necessary to explain.

There is scarcely a method of inflicting pain, that comes within the compass of their means, that the North American Indians have not essayed on their enemies. When the infernal ingenuity that is exercised, on these occasions, fails of its effect, the captives themselves have been heard to suggest other means of torturing that *they* have known practised successfully by their own people. There is often a strange strife between the tormentors and the tormented; the one to manifest skill in inflicting pain, and the other to manifests fortitude in enduring it. As has just been said, quite as much renown is often acquired by the warrior, in setting all the devices of his conquerors at defiance, while subject to their hellish attempts, as in deeds of arms. It might be more true to say that such *was* the practice among the Indi-

ans, than to say, at the present time, that such *is;* for it is certain that civilization in its approaches, while it has in many particulars even degraded the red man, has had a silent effect in changing and mitigating many of his fiercer customs—this, perhaps, among the rest. It is probable that the more distant tribes still resort to all these ancient usages; but it is both hoped and believed that those nearer to the whites do not.

The "torture by saplings" is one of those modes of inflicting pain, that would naturally suggest themselves to savages. Young trees that do not stand far apart are trimmed of their branches, and brought nearer to each other by bending their bodies; the victim is then attached to both trunks, sometimes by his extended arms, at others by his legs, or by whatever part of the frame cruelty can suggest, when the saplings are released, and permitted to resume their upright positions. Of course the sufferer is lifted from the earth, and hangs suspended by his limbs, with a strain on them that soon

produces the most intense anguish. The celebrated punishment of the "knout" partakes a good deal of this same character of suffering. Bough of the Oak now approached the corporal, to let him know how high an honour was in reserve for him.

"Brother," said this ambitious orator, "you are a brave warrior. You have done well. Not only have you killed one of our chiefs, but you have wounded several of our young men. No one but a brave could have done this. You have forced us to bind you, lest you might kill some more. It is not often that captives do this. Your courage has caused us to consult *how* we might best torture you, in a way most to manifest your manhood. After talking together, the chiefs have decided that a man of your firmness ought to be hung between two young trees. We have found the trees, and have cut off their branches. You can see them. If they were a little larger their force would be greater, and they would give you more pain, would be more worthy of you; but these are

the largest saplings we could find. Had there been any larger, we would have let you have them. We wish to do you honour, for you are a bold warrior, and worthy to be well tormented.

"Brother, look at these saplings! They are tall and straight. When they are bent by many hands they will come together. Take away the hands, and they will become straight again. Your arms must then keep them together. We wish we had some pappooses here, that they might shoot arrows into your flesh. That would help much to torment you. You cannot have this honour, for we have no pappooses. We are afraid to let our young men shoot arrows into your flesh. They are strong, and might kill you. We wish you to die between the saplings, as is your right, being so great a brave.

"Brother, we think much better of you since you killed the Weasel, and hurt our young men. If all your warriors at Chicago had been as bold as you, Black-Bird would not have taken that fort. You would have saved

many scalps. This encourages us. It makes us think the Great Spirit means to help us, and that we shall kill all of the pale-faces. When we get further into your settlements, we do not expect to meet many such braves as you. They tell us we shall then find men who will run, and screech like women. It will not be a pleasure to torment such men. We had rather torment a bold warrior, like you, who makes us admire him for his manliness. We love our squaws, but not in the war-path. They are best in the lodges; here we want nothing but men. You are a man—a brave—we honour you. We think, notwithstanding, we shall yet make you weak. It will not be easy, but we hope to do it. We shall try. We may not think quite so well of you, if we do it; but we shall always call you a brave. A man is not a stone. We can all feel, and when we have done all that is in our power, no one can do more. It is so with Injins; we think it must be so with pale-faces. We mean to try and see how it is."

The corporal understood very little of this

harangue, though he perfectly comprehended the preparations of the saplings, and Bough of the Oak's allusions to *them*. He was in a cold sweat at the thought, for resolute as he was, he foresaw sufferings that human fortitude could hardly endure. In this state of the case, and in the frame of mind he was in, he had recourse to an expedient of which he had often heard, and which he thought might now be practised to some advantage. It was to open upon the savages with abuse, and exasperate them by taunts and sarcasm, to such a degree as might induce some of the weaker members of the tribe to dispatch him on the spot. As the corporal, with the perspective of the saplings before his eyes, manifested a good deal of ingenuity, on this occasion, we shall record some of his efforts.

"D'ye call yourselves chiefs and warriors?" he began upon a pretty high key. "I call ye squaws! There is not a man among ye. Dogs would be the best name. Ye are poor Injins. A long time ago, the pale-faces came here in

two or three little canoes. They were but a handful, and you were plentier than prairie wolves. Your bark could be heard throughout the land. Well, what did this handful of pale-faces? It drove your fathers before them, until they got all the best of the hunting-grounds. Not an Injin of you all, now, ever get down on the shores of the great salt-lake, unless to sell brooms and baskets, and then he goes sneaking like a wolf after a sheep. You have forgotten how clams and oysters taste. Your fathers had as many of them as they could eat; but not one of *you* ever tasted them. The pale-faces eat them all. If an Injin asked for one, they would throw the shell at his head, and call him a dog.

"Do you think that my chiefs would hang one of you between two such miserable saplings as these? No! They would scorn to practise such pitiful torture. They would bring the tops of two tall pines together, trees a hundred and fifty feet high, and put their prisoner on the topmost boughs, for the crows and ravens

to pick his eyes out. But, you are miserable Injins! You know nothing. If you know'd any better, would you act such poor torment ag'in a great brave? I spit upon ye, and call you squaws. The pale-faces have made women of ye. They have taken out your hearts, and put pieces of dog's flesh in their places."

Here the corporal, who delivered himself with an animation suited to his language, was obliged to pause, literally for want of breath. Singular as it may seem, this tirade excited great admiration among the savages. It is true, that very few understood what was said; perhaps no one understood *all*, but the manner was thought to be admirable. When some of the language was interpreted, a deep but smothered resentment was felt; more especially at the taunts touching the manner in which the whites had overcome the red men. Truth is hard to be borne, and the individual, or people, who will treat a thousand injurious lies with contempt, feel all their ire aroused at one reproach that has its foundation

in fact. Nevertheless, the anger that the corporal's words did, in truth, awaken, was successfully repressed, and he had the disappointment of seeing that his life was spared for the torture.

"Brother," said Bough of the Oak, again placing himself before the captive, "you have a stout heart. It is made of stone, and not of flesh. If our hearts be of dog's meat, yours is of stone. What you say is true. The pale-faces *did* come at first in two or three canoes, and there were but few of them. We are ashamed, for it is true. A few pale-faces drove towards the setting sun many Injins. But we cannot be driven any further. We mean to stop here, and begin to take all the scalps we can. A great chief, who belongs to no one tribe, but belongs to all tribes, who speaks all tongues, has been sent by the Great Spirit to arouse us. He has done it. You know him. He came from the head of the lake with you, and kept his eye on your scalp. He has meant to take it from the first. He

waited only for an opportunity. That opportunity has come, and we now mean to do as he has told us we ought to do. This is right. Squaws are in a hurry; warriors know how to wait. We would kill you at once, and hang your scalp on our pole, but it would not be right. We wish to do what is right. If we *are* poor Injins, and know but little, we know what is right. It is right to torment so great a brave, and we mean to do it. It is only just to you to do so. An old warrior, who has seen so many enemies, and who has so big a heart, ought not to be knocked on the head like a pappoose or a squaw. It is his right to be tormented. We are getting ready, and shall soon begin. If my brother can tell us a new way of tormenting, we are willing to try it. Should we not make out as well as pale-faces, my brother will remember who we are. We mean to do our best, and we hope to make his heart soft. If we do this, great will be our honour. Should we not do it, we cannot help it. We shall try."

It was now the corporal's turn to put in a rebutter. This he did without any failure in will or performance. By this time he was so well warmed as to think or care very little about the saplings, and to overlook the pain they might occasion.

"Dogs can do little but bark; 'specially Injin dogs," he said. "Injins themselves are little better than their own dogs. They can bark, but they don't know how to bite. You have many great chiefs here. Some are panthers, and some bears, and some buffaloes; but where are your weasels? I have fit you now these twenty years, and never have I known ye to stand up to the baggonet. It's not Injin natur' to do *that*."

Here the corporal, without knowing it, made some such reproach to the aboriginal warriors of America as the English used to throw into the teeth of ourselves, that of not standing up to a weapon which neither party possessed. It was matter of great triumph that the Americans would not stand the charge of the bayonet

at the renowned fight on Breed's, for instance, when it is well known that not one man in five among the colonists had any such weapon at all to "stand up" with. A different story was told at Guildford, and Stony Point, and Eutaw, and Bennington, and Bemis' Heights, and fifty other places that might be named, after the troops were furnished with bayonets. *Then* it was found that the Americans could use them as well as others, and so might it have proved with the red men, though their discipline, or mode of fighting, scarce admitted of such systematic charges. All this, however, the corporal overlooked, much as if he were a regular historian who was writing to make out a case.

"Harkee, brother, since you *will* call me brother; though, Heaven be praised, not a drop of nigger or Injin blood runs in *my* veins," resumed the corporal. "Harkee, friend redskin, answer me one thing? Did you ever hear of such a man as Mad Anthony? He was the tickler for your infernal tribes? You pulled no

saplings together for him. He put you up with 'the long-knives and leather-stockings,' and you outrun his fleetest horses. I was with him, and saw more naked backs than naked faces among your people, that day. Your Great Bear got a rap on his nose that sent him to his village yelping like a cur."

Again was the corporal compelled to stop to take breath. The allusion to Wayne, and his defeat of the Indians, excited so much ire, that several hands grasped knives and tomahawks, and one arrow was actually drawn nearly to the head; but the frown of Bear's Meat prevented any outbreak, or actual violence. It was deemed prudent, however, to put an end to this scene, lest the straight-forward corporal, who laid it on heavily, and who had so much to say about Indian defeats, might actually succeed in touching some festering wound that would bring him to his death at once. It was, accordingly, determined to proceed with the torture of the saplings without further delay.

The corporal was removed accordingly, and placed between the two bended trees, which were kept together by withes around their tops. An arm of the captive was bound tightly at the wrist to the top of each tree, so that his limbs were to act as the only tie between the saplings, as soon as the withes should be cut. The Indians now worked in silence, and the matter was getting to be much too serious for the corporal to indulge in any more words. The cold sweat returned, and many an anxious glance was cast by the veteran on the fell preparations. Still he maintained appearances and when all was ready not a man there was aware of the agony of dread which prevailed in the breast of the victim. It was not death that he feared as much as suffering. A few minutes, the corporal well knew, would make the pain intolerable, while he saw no hope of putting a speedy end to his existence. A man might live hours in such a situation. Then it was that the teachings of childhood were revived in the bosom of this hardened

man, and he remembered the being that died for *him*, in common with the rest of the human race, on the tree. The seeming similarity of his own execution struck his imagination, and brought a tardy but faint recollection of those lessons that had lost most of their efficacy in the wickedness and impiety of camps. His soul struggled for relief in that direction, but the present scene was too absorbing to admit of its lifting itself so far above his humanity.

"Warrior of the pale-faces," said Bough of the Oak, we are going to cut the withe. You will then be where a brave man will want all his courage. If you are firm, we will do you honour; if you faint and screech, our young men will laugh at you. This is the way with Injins. They honour braves: they point the finger at cowards."

Here a sign was made by Bear's Meat, and a warrior raised the tomahawk that was to separate the fastenings. His hand was in the very act of descending, when the crack of a

rifle was heard, and a little smoke rose out of the thicket, near the spot where the Bee-hunter and the corporal, himself, had remained so long hid, on the occasion of the council first held in that place. The tomahawk fell, however, the withes were parted, and up flew the saplings, with a violence that threatened to tear the arms of the victim out of their sockets.

The Indians listened, expecting the screeches and groans;—they gazed, hoping to witness the writhings of their captive. But they were disappointed. There hung the body, its arms distended, still holding the tops of the saplings bowed, but not a sign of life was seen. A small line of blood trickled down the forehead, and above it was the nearly imperceptible hole made by the passage of a bullet. The head itself had fallen forward and a little on one shoulder. The corporal had escaped the torments reserved for him, by this friendly blow.

It was so much a matter of course for an

Indian to revenge his own wounds—to alleviate his smarts, by retaliating on those who inflicted them, that the chiefs expressed neither surprise nor resentment at the manner of the corporal's death. There was some disappointment, it is true; but no anger was manifested, since it was supposed that some one of those whom the prisoner had wounded had seen fit, in this mode, to revenge his own hurts. In this, however, the Indians deceived themselves. The well-intentioned and deadly shot, that saved the corporal from hours of agony, came from the friendly hand of Pigeonswing; who had no sooner discharged his rifle, than he stole away through the thicket, and was never discovered. This he did, too, at the expense of Ungque's scalp, on which he had set his heart.

As for the Indians, perceiving that their hopes of forcing a captive to confess his weakness were frustrated, they conferred together on the course of future proceedings. There was an inquiry for Peter, but Peter was not to

be found. Bough of the Oak suggested that the mysterious chief must have gone to the palisaded hut, in order to get the remaining scalps, his passion for this symbol of triumphs over pale-faces being well known. It was, therefore, incumbent on the whole band to follow, with the double view of sharing in the honour of the assault, and of rendering assistance.

Abandoning the body of the corporal where it hung, away went the savages, by this time keenly alive to the scent of blood. Something like order was observed, however, each chief leading his own particular part of the band, in his own way, but on a designated route. Bear's Meat acted as commander-in-chief, the subordinate leaders following his instructions with reasonable obedience. Some went in one direction, others in another; until the verdant bottom near the sweet spring was deserted.

In less than half an hour the whole band was collected around Castle Meal, distant, however,

beyond the range of a rifle. The different parties, as they arrived, announced their presence by whoops, which were intended to answer the double purpose of signals, and of striking terror to the hearts of the besieged; the North American Indians making ample use of this great auxiliary in war.

All this time no one was seen in or about the fortified hut. The gate was closed, as were the doors and windows, manifesting preparations for defence; but the garrison kept close. Nor was Peter to be seen. He might be a prisoner, or he might not have come in this direction. It was just possible that he might be stealing up to the building, to get a nearer view, and a closer scout.

Indian warfare is always stealthy. It is seldom, indeed, that the aboriginal Americans venture on an open assault of any fortified place, however small and feeble it may be. Ignorant of the use of artillery, and totally without that all-important arm, their approaches to any cover, whence a bullet may be sent

against them, are ever wary, slow, and well concerted. They have no idea of trenches, do not possess the means of making them, indeed; but they have such substitutes of their own as usually meet all their wants, more particularly in portions of the country that are wooded. In cases like this before our present band, they had to exercise their wits to invent new modes of effecting their purposes.

Bear's Meat collected his principal chiefs, and, after a considerable amount of consultation, it was determined, in the present instance, to try the virtue of fire. The only sign of life they could detect about the hut, was an occasional bark from Hive, who had been taken within the building, most probably to protect him from the bullets and arrows of the enemy. Even this animal did not howl, like a dog in distress; but he barked, as if aware of the vicinity of strangers. The keenest scrutiny could not detect an outlet of any sort about the hut. Everything was tightly closed, and it was impossible to say when, or whence,

a bullet might not be sent against the unwary.

The plan was soon formed, and was quite as rapidly executed. Bough of the Oak, himself, supported by two or three other braves, undertook to set the buildings on fire. This was done by approaching the kitchen, dodging from tree to tree, making each movement with a rapidity that defeated aim, and an irregularity that defied calculation. In this way the kitchen was safely reached, where there was a log cover to conceal the party. Here also was fire, the food for dinner being left, just as it had been put over to boil, not long before. The Indians had prepared themselves with arrows and light wood, and soon they commenced sending their flaming missiles towards the roof of the hut. Arrow after arrow struck, and it was not long before the roof was on fire.

A yell now arose throughout the Openings. Far and near the Indians exulted at their success. The wood was dry, and it was of a very inflammable nature. The wind blew, and

in half an hour Castle Meal was in a bright blaze. Hive now began to howl, a sign that he knew his peril. Still, no human being appeared. Presently the flaming roof fell in, and the savages listened intently to hear the screeches of their victims. The howls of the dog increased, and he was soon seen, with his hair burned from his skin, leaping on the unroofed wall, and thence into the area within the palisades. A bullet terminated his sufferings as he alighted.

Bear's Meat now gave the signal, and a general rush was made. No rifle opposed them, and a hundred Indians were soon at the palisades. To the surprise of all, the gate was found unfastened. Rushing within, the door of the hut was forced, and a view obtained of the blazing furnace within. The party had arrived in sufficient season to perceive fragments of le Bourdon's rude furniture and stores yet blazing, but nowhere was a human corpse visible. Poles were got, and the brands were removed, in the expectation of finding bones

beneath them; but without success. It was now certain that no pale-face had perished in that hut. Then the truth flashed on the minds of all the savages: le Bourdon and his friends had taken the alarm in time, and had escaped!

CHAPTER V.

"Behold, O Lord! the heathen tread
The branches of thy fruitful vine,
That its luxurious tendrils spread
O'er all the hills of Palestine.
And now the wild boar comes to waste
Even us, the greenest boughs and last,
That, drinking of its choicest dew,
On Zion's hill in beauty grew."

MILMAN.

THE change in Peter had been gradually making itself apparent, ever since he joined the party of the Bee-hunter. When he entered the Kalamazoo, in the company of the two men who had now fallen the victims of his own designs, his heart was full of the fell intention of cutting off the whole white race. Margery had first induced him to think of exceptions. He had early half decided that she should be

spared, to be carried to his own lodge, as an adopted daughter. When he became aware of the state of things between his favourite and her lover, there was a severe struggle in his breast on the subject of sparing the last. He saw how strongly the girl was attached to him, and something like human sentiments forced their way among his savage plans. The mysterious communication of le Bourdon with the bees, however, had far more influence in determining him to spare so great a medicine-man, than Margery's claims; and he had endeavoured to avail himself of a marriage as a means of saving the bride, instead of saving the bridegroom. All the Indians entertained a species of awe for le Bourdon, and all hesitated about laying hands on one who appeared so gifted. It was therefore the expectation of this extraordinary being, that the wife might be permitted to escape with the husband. The effect of the Weasel's cunning has been described. Such was the state of Peter's mind when he met the band in the scenes last

described. There he had been all attention to the demeanour of the missionary. A hundred times had he seen warriors die uttering maledictions on their enemies; but this was the first occasion on which he had ever known a man to use his latest breath in asking for blessings on those "who persecuted him." At first, Peter was astounded. Then the sublime principles had their effect, and his heart was deeply touched with what he heard. How far the Holy Spirit aided these better feelings, it might be presumptuous, on the one hand, to say; while, on the other, it will be equally presuming to think of denying the possibility—nay, the probability—that the great change which so suddenly came over the heart of Peter, was produced by more than mere human agencies. We know that this blessed Spirit is often poured out, in especial cases, with affluent benevolence, and there can be no sufficient reason for supposing this savage might not have been thus signally favoured, as soon as the avenues of his heart opened to the impulses of

a generous humanity. The very qualities that would induce such a being to attempt the wild, and visionary scheme of vengeance and retribution that had now occupied his sleeping and waking thoughts for years, might, under a better direction, render him eminently fit to be the subject of divine grace. A latent sense of right lay behind all his seeming barbarity, and that which to us appears as a fell ferocity, was, in his own eyes, no less than a severe justice.

The words, the principles, the prayers, and more than all, the *example* of the missionary, wrought this great change, so far as human agencies were employed; but the power of God was necessary to carry out, and complete this renewal of the inner man. We do not mean that a miracle was used in the sudden conversion of this Indian to better feelings, for that which is of hourly occurrence, and which may happen to all, comes within the ordinary workings of a Divine Providence, and cannot thus be designated with propriety; but we do wish to be understood as saying, that no purely

human power could have cleared the moral vision, changed all the views, and softened the heart of such a man, as was so promptly done in the case of Peter. The way had been gradually preparing, perhaps, by the means already described; but the great transformation came so suddenly and so powerfully, as to render him a different being, as it might almost be, in the twinkling of an eye! Such changes often occur, and though it may suit the self-sufficiency of the worldling to deride them, he is the wisest who submits in the meekest spirit to powers that exceed his comprehension.

In this state of mind, then, Peter left the band as soon as the fate of the missionary was decided. His immediate object was to save the whites who remained, Gershom and Dorothy now having a place in his good intentions, as well as le Bourdon and Margery. Although he moved swiftly, and nearly by an air-line, his thoughts scarce kept company with his feet. During that rapid walk, he was haunted with

the image of a man, dying while he pronounced benedictions on his enemies!

There was little in common between the natural objects of that placid and rural scene, and the fell passions that were so actively at work among the savages. The whole of the landscape was bathed in the light of a clear, warm, summer's day. These are the times when the earth truly seems a sanctuary, in spots remote from the haunts of man, and least exposed to his abuses. The bees hum around the flowers, the birds carol on the boughs and from amid their leafy arbours, while even the leaping and shining waters appear to be instinct with the life that extols the glory of God.

As for the family near the palisaded hut, happiness had not, for many a month, been so seated among them, as on this very occasion. Dorothy sympathized truly in the feelings of the youthful and charming bride, while Gershom had many of the kind and affectionate wishes of a brother in her behalf. The last was in his best

attire, as indeed were the females, who were neatly though modestly clad, and Gershom had that air of decent repose and of quiet enjoyment, which is so common of a Sabbath with the men of his class, among the people from whom he sprung. The fears lately excited were momentarily forgotten. Every thing around them wore an air so placid; the vault above them was so profoundly tranquil; the light of day was so soft and yet so bright; the Openings seemed so rural and so much like pictures of civilization, that apprehension had been entirely forgotten in present enjoyment. Such was the moment when Peter suddenly stood before le Bourdon and Margery, as the young couple sat beneath the shade of the oaks, near the spring. One instant the Indian regarded this picture of young wedded life, with a gleam of pleasure on his dark face; then he announced his presence by speaking.

"Can't sit here lookin' at young squaw," said this literal being. "Get up, and put

thing in canoe. Time come to go on path dat lead to pale-face country."

"What has happened, Peter?" demanded the Bee-hunter, springing to his feet. "You come like a runner rushing in with his bad tidings. Has anything happened to give an alarm?"

"Up, and off, tell you. No use talkin' now. Put all he can in canoe, and paddle away fast as can." There was no mistaking Peter's manner. The Bee-hunter saw the uselessness of questioning such a man, at a time like that, and he called to Gershom to join him.

"Here is the chief, to warn us to move," said the Bee-hunter, endeavouring to appear calm, in order that he might not needlessly alarm the females, "and what he advises we had better do. I know there is danger, by what has fallen from Pigeonswing, as well as from himself; so let us lose no time, but stow the canoes, and do as he tells us."

As Gershom assented, it was not two minutes ere all were at work. For several days,

each canoe had been furnished with provisions for a hasty flight. It remained only to add such of the effects as were too valuable and necessary to be abandoned, and which had not been previously exposed without the palisades. For half an hour le Bourdon and Gershom worked as for life. No questions were asked, nor was a single moment lost in a desire to learn more. The manner in which Peter bore himself, satisfied Boden that the emergency was pressing, and it is seldom that more was done by so few hands, in so short a period. Fortunately, the previous preparation greatly aided the present object, and nearly everything of any value was placed in the canoes, within the brief space mentioned. It then became necessary to decide concerning the condition in which Castle Meal was to be left. Peter advised closing every aperture, shutting the gate, and leaving the dog within. There is no doubt that these expedients prevented the party's falling early into the hands of their enemies; for the time lost by the savages in making their

approaches to the hut, was very precious to the fugitives.

Just as the canoes were loaded, Pigeonswing came in. He announced that the whole band was in motion, and might be expected to reach the grove in ten minutes. Placing an arm around the slender waist of Margery, le Bourdon almost carried her to his own canoe. Gershom soon had Dorothy in his little bark, while Peter entered that to the ownership of which he may be said to have justly succeeded, by the deaths of the corporal and the missionary. Pigeonswing remained behind, in order to act as a scout, having first communicated to Peter the course the last ought to steer. Before the Chippewa plunged into the cover in which it was his intention to conceal himself, he made a sign that the band was already in sight.

The heart of le Bourdon sunk within him, when he learned how near were the enemy. To him, escape seemed impossible; and he now regretted having abandoned the defences of his late residence. The river was sluggish

for more than a mile at that spot, and then occurred a rift, which could not be passed without partly unloading the canoes, and where there must necessarily be a detention of more than an hour. Thus, it was scarcely possible for canoes descending that stream, to escape from so large a band of pursuers. The sinuosities, themselves, would enable the last to gain fifty points ahead of them, where ambushes, or even open resistance, must place them altogether at the mercy of the savages.

Peter knew all this, as well as the Bee-hunter, and he had no intention of trusting his new friends in a flight down the river. Pigeonswing, with the sententious brevity of an Indian, had made an important communication to him, while they were moving, for the last time, towards the canoes, and he now determined to profit by it. Taking the lead, therefore, with his own canoe, Peter paddled *up*, instead of *down*, the stream, going in a direction opposite to that which it would naturally be supposed the fugitives had taken. In doing

this, also, he kept as close under the bank which would most conceal the canoes from those who approached it on its southern side.

It will be remembered that the trees for the palisades had been cut from a swamp, a short distance above the Bee-hunter's residence. They had grown on the margin of the river, which had been found serviceable in floating the logs to the point of destination. The tops of many of these trees, resinous and suited by their nature to preserve their leaves for a considerable time, lay partly in the stream and partly on its banks; and Pigeonswing, foreseeing the necessity of having a place of refuge, had made so artful a disposition of several of them, that, while they preserved all the appearance of still lying where they had fallen, it was possible to haul canoes up beneath them, between the branches and the bank, in a way to form a place of perfect concealment. No Indian would have trusted to such a hiding-place, had it not been matter of notoriety that the trees had been felled for a particular purpose,

or had their accidental disposition along the bank been discernibly deranged. But, such was not the case, the hand of Pigeonswing having been so skilfully employed, that what he had done could not be detected. He might be said to have assisted nature, instead of disturbing her.

The canoes were actually paddling close under the bank, in the Castle Meal reach of the river, when the band arrived at the grove, and commenced what might be called the investment of the place. Had not all the attention of the savages been drawn towards the hut, it is probable that some wandering eye might have caught a glimpse of some one of them, as inequalities in the bank momentarily exposed each, in succession, to view. This danger, however, passed away, and by turning a point, the fugitives wereeffectually concealed from all who did not actually approach the river at that particular point. Here it was, however, that the swamp commenced, and the ground being wet and difficult, no one would be likely

to do this. The stream flowed through this swamp, having a dense wood on each side, though one of no great extent. The reach, moreover, was short, making a completely sheltered haven of the Kalamazoo, within its limits.

Once in this wooded reach, Peter tossed an arm, and assumed an air of greater security. He felt infinitely relieved, and knew that they were safe; for a time, unless some wanderer should have taken to the swamp, a most improbable thing of itself. When high enough, he led the way across the stream, and entering below, he soon had all the canoes in their place of concealment.

"Dis good place," observed the great chief, as soon as all were fast; "bess take care, dough. Bess not make track too much on land; Injin got sharp eye, and see ebbery t'ing. Now, I go and talk wid chief. Come back by-'em-by. You stay here. Good-bye."

"Stop, Peter—one word before we part. If you see Parson Amen, or the corporal, it

might be well to tell *them* where we are to be found. They would be glad to know."

Peter looked grave; even sad. He did not answer for fully a minute. When he did, it was in a low, suppressed voice, such as one is apt to use when there is a weight felt on his mind.

"Nebber know anyt'ing ag'in," returned the chief. "Both dem pale-face dead."

"Dead!" echoed all within hearing.

"Juss so; Injin kill him. Mean to kill you, too. Dat why I run away. Saw medicine-priest die. What you t'ink, Blossom?—What you t'ink, Bourdon?—Dat man die asking Great Spirit to do good to Injin!"

"I can believe it, Peter, for he was a good man, and such are our Christian laws, though few of us obey them. I can easily believe that Parson Amen was an exception, however."

"Yes, Peter, such are our Christian laws," put in Margery earnestly. "When Christ, the Son of God, came on earth to redeem lost men, he commanded his followers to do good to them

that did evil to us, and to pray for them that tried to harm us. We have his very words written in our bibles."

"You got him," said Peter, with interest. "See you read him, of'en. Got dat book here?"

"To be sure I have—it is the last thing I should have forgotten. Dolly has one, and I have another; we read in them every day, and we hope that before long, brother and Bourdon will read in them, too."

"Why, I'm no great scholar, Margery," returned her husband, scratching his full, curling head of hair, out of pure awkwardness: "to please *you*, however, I'd undertake even a harder job. It was so with the bees, when I begun; I thought I should never succeed in lining the first bee to his hive; but, since that time, I do think I've lined a thousand!"

"It's easy, it's easy, dear Benjamin, if you will only make a beginning," returned the much interested young wife. "When we get to a place of safety, if it be God's will that we

ever shall, I hope to have you join me in reading the good book daily. See, Peter, I keep it in this little bag, where it is safe, and always at hand."

"You read dem word for me, Blossom: I want to hear him, out of dis book, himself."

Margery did as desired. She was very familiar with the New Testament, and turning to the well-known and Godlike passage, she read several verses in a steady, earnest voice. Perhaps the danger they were in, and the recent communication of the death of their late companions, increased her earnestness and solemnity of manner, for the effect produced on Peter was scarcely less than that he had felt when he witnessed a practical obedience to these sublime principles, in the death of the missionary. Tears actually started to this stern savage's eyes, and he looked back on his late projects and endeavours to immolate a whole race with a shudder. Taking Margery's hand, he courteously thanked her, and prepared to quit the place. Previously to leaving his

friends, however, Peter gave a brief account of the manner of the missionary's death, and of the state in which he had left the corporal. Pigeonswing had told him of the fate of the last, as well as of the eagerness with which the band had set out in quest of more white scalps.

"Peter, we can count on you for a friend, I hope?" said the Bee-hunter, as the two were about to part, on the bank of the river. "I fear you were, once, our enemy!"

"Bourdon," said Peter, with dignity, and speaking in the language of his own people, "listen. There are Good Spirits, and there are Bad Spirits. Our traditions tell us this. Our own minds tell us this, too. For twenty winters a Bad Spirit has been whispering in my ear. I listened to him; and did what he told me to do. I believed what he said. His words were —'Kill your enemies—scalp all the pale-faces —do not leave a squaw, or a pappoose. Make all their hearts heavy. This is what an Injin should do.' So has the Bad Spirit been whis-

pering to me, for twenty winters. I listened to him. What he said, I did. It was pleasant to me to take the scalps of the pale-faces. It was pleasant to think that no more scalps would be left among them to take. I was Scalping Peter.

"Bourdon; the Good Spirit has, at last, made himself heard. His whisper is so low, that at first my ears did not hear him. They hear him now. When he spoke loudest, it was with the tongue of the medicine-priest of your people. He was about to die. When we are about to die, our voices become strong and clear; so do our eyes. We see what is before, and we see what is behind. We feel joy for what is before—we feel sorrow for what is behind. Your medicine-priest spoke well. It sounded in my ears as if the Great Spirit, himself, was talking. They say it was his son. I believe them. Blossom has read to me out of the good book of your people, and I find it is so. I feel like a child, and could sit down in my wigwam, and weep.

"Bourdon; you are a pale-face, and I am an Injin. You are strong, and I am weak. This is because the Son of the Great Spirit has talked with your people, and has not talked with mine. I now see why the pale-faces overrun the earth and take the hunting-grounds. They know most, and have been told to come here, and to tell what they know to the poor ignorant Injins. I hope my people will listen. What the Son of the Great Spirit says must be true. He does not know how to do wrong.

"Bourdon; once it seemed sweet to me to take the scalps of my enemies. When an Injin did me harm, I took his scalp. This was my way. I could not help it, then. The Wicked Spirit told me to do this. The Son of the Manitou has now told me better. I have lived under a cloud. The breath of the dying medicine-priest of your people has blown away that cloud. I see clearer. I hear him telling the Manitou to do me good, though I wanted his scalp. He was answered in my heart. Then my ears opened wider, and I heard what the

Good Spirit whispered. The ear in which the Bad Spirit had been talking for twenty winters shut, and was deaf. I hear him no more. I do not want to hear him again. The whisper of the Son of the Manitou is very pleasant to me. It sounds like the wren singing his sweetest song. I hope he will always whisper so. My ear shall never again be shut to his words.

"Bourdon; it is pleasant to me to look forward. It is not pleasant to me to look back. I see how many things I have done in one way. that ought to have been done in another way. I feel sorry; and wish it had not been so. Then I hear the Son of the Manitou asking his Father, who liveth above the clouds, to do good to the Jews who took his life. I do not think Injins are Jews. In this, my brother was wrong. It was his own notion, and it is easy for a man to think wrong. It is not so with the Son of the Manitou. He thinketh always as His Father thinketh, which is right.

"Bourdon; I am no longer Peter—I must

be another Injin. I do not feel the same. A scalp is a terrible thing in my eyes—I wish never to take another—never to see another—a scalp is a bad thing. I now *love* the Yankees. I wish to do them good, and not to do them harm. I love most the Great Spirit, that let his own Son die for all men. The medicine-priest said he died for Injins, as well as for pale-faces. This we did not know, or we should have talked of him more in our traditions. We love to talk of good acts. But we are such ignorant Injins! The Son of the Manitou will have pity on us, and tell us oftener what we ought to do. In time we shall learn. Now, I feel like a child: I hope I shall one day be a man."

Having made this "confession of faith," one that would have done credit to a Christian church, Peter shook the Bee-hunter kindly by the hand, and took his departure. He did not walk into the swamp, though it was practicable with sufficient care, but he stepped into the river, and followed its margin, knowing that

"water leaves no trail!" Nor did Peter follow the direct route towards the now blazing hut, the smoke from which was rising high above the trees, but he ascended the stream, until reaching a favourable spot, he threw aside all of his light dress, made it into a bundle, and swam across the Kalamazoo, holding his clothes above the element with one hand. On reaching the opposite shore, he moved on to the upper margin of the swamp, where he resumed his clothes. Then he issued into the Openings, carying neither rifle, bow, tomahawk, nor knife. All his weapons he had left in his canoe, fearful that they might tempt him to do evil, instead of good, to his enemies. Neither Bear's Meat, nor Bough of the Oak, was yet regarded by Peter with the eye of love. He tried not to hate them and this he found sufficiently difficult; conscious of this difficulty, he had laid aside his arms, accordingly. This mighty change had been gradually in progress ever since the chief's close communication with Margery, but it had received its consummation

in the last acts, and last words, of the missionary!

Having got out into the Openings, it was not difficult for Peter to join his late companions, without attracting observation from whence he came. He kept as much under cover as was convenient, and reached the kitchen, just as the band broke into the defences, and burst open the door of the blazing, and already roofless hut. Here Peter paused, unwilling to seem inactive in such a scene, yet averse to doing anything that a sensitively tender conscience might tell him was wrong. He knew there was no human being there to save, and cared little for the few effects that might be destroyed. He did not join the crowd, therefore, until it was ascertained that the Bee-hunter and his companion had escaped.

"The pale-faces have fled," said Bear's-Meat to the great chief, when the last did approach him. "We have looked for their bones among the ashes, but there are none. That medicine

Bee-hunter has told them that their scalps were wanted, and they have gone off!"

"Have any of the young men been down to the river, to look for their canoes?" quietly demanded Peter. "If the canoes are gone, too, they have taken the route towards the Great Lake."

This was so obvious and probable, that a search was immediately set on foot. The report was soon made, and great was the eagerness to pursue. The Kalamazoo was so crooked, that no one there doubted of overtaking the fugitives, and parties were immediately organized for the chase. This was done with the customary intelligence and shrewdness of Indians. The canoes that belonged to Crows-feather and his band had been brought up the river, and they lay concealed in rushes, not a mile from the hut. A party of warriors brought them to the landing, and they carried one division of the party to the opposite shore, it being the plan to follow each bank of the river, keeping close to the stream, even to its mouth,

should it prove necessary. Two other parties were sent in direct lines, one on each side of the river also, to lay in ambush at such distant points, ahead, as would be almost certain to anticipate the arrival of the fugitives. The canoes were sent down the stream, to close the net against return, while Bear's Meat, Bough of the Oak, Crowsfeather, and several others of the leading chiefs, remained near the still burning hut, with a strong party, to examine the surrounding openings for foot-prints and trails. It was possible that the canoes had been sent adrift, in order to mislead them, while the pale-faces had fled by land.

It has been stated that the Openings had a beautiful sward, near Castle Meal. This was true of that particular spot, and was the reason why le Bourdon had selected it for his principal place of residence. The abundance of flowers drew the bees there, a reason of itself why he should like the vicinity. Lest the reader should be misled, however, it may be well to explain that an absence of sward is characteristic of

these Openings, rather than the reverse, it being, to a certain degree, a cause of complaint, now that the country is settled, that the lands of the Oak Openings are apt to be so light that the grasses do not readily form as firm a turf as is desirable for meadows and pastures. We apprehend this is true, however, less as a rule, than as exceptions; there being variety in the soils of these Openings, as well as in other quarters.

Nevertheless, the savages were aware that the country around the burned hut, for a considerable extent, differed, in this particular, from most of that which lay farther east, or more inland. On the last a trail would be much more easily detected than on the first, and a party, under the direction of a particularly experienced leader, was despatched several miles to the eastward, to look for the usual signs of the passage of any towards Detroit, taking that route. This last expedient troubled Peter exceedingly, since it placed a body of enemies in the rear of the fugitives; thereby rendering

their position doubly perilous. There was no help for the difficulty, however; and the great chief saw the party depart without venturing on remonstrance, advice, or any other expedient to arrest the movement. Bear's Meat now called the head chiefs, who remained, into a circle, and asked for opinions concerning the course that ought next to be taken.

"What does my brother, the tribeless chief, say?" he asked, looking at Peter, in a way to denote the expectation which all felt, that he ought to be able to give useful council in such a strait. "We have got but two scalps from six heads; and one of *them* is buried with the medicine-priest."

"Scalps cannot be taken from them that get off," returned Peter, evasively. "We must first catch these pale-faces. When they are found, it will be easy to scalp them. If the canoes are gone, I think the medicine Bee-hunter and his squaws have gone in them. We may find the whole down the river."

To this opinion most of the chiefs assented,

though the course of examining for a trail farther east was still approved. The band was so strong, while the pale-faces were so few, that a distribution of their own force was of no consequence, and it was clearly the most prudent to send out young men in all directions. Every one, however, expected that the fugitives would be overtaken on or near the river, and Bear's Meat suggested the propriety of their moving down stream themselves very shortly.

"When did my brother last see the pale-faces?" asked Crowsfeather. "This Bee-hunter knows the river well, and may have started yesterday; or even after he came from the Great Council of the Prairie."

This was a new idea, but one that seemed probable enough. All eyes turned towards Peter, who saw at once that such a notion must greatly favour the security of the fugitives, and felt a strong desire to encourage it. He found evasion difficult, however, and well knew the danger of committing himself. Instead of giving a straight-forward answer, therefore, he

had recourse to circumlocution and subterfuge.

"By brother is right," he answered. "The pale-faces *have* had time to get far down the stream. As my brothers know, I slept among them at the Round Prairie. To-day, they know I was with them at the council of the spring of gushing waters."

All this was true, as far as it went, although the omissions were very material. No one seemed to suspect the great chief, whose fidelity to his own principles was believed to be of a character amounting to enthusiasm. Little did any there know of the power of the unseen spirit of God to alter the heart, producing what religionists term the new birth. We do not wish, however, to be understood that Peter had, as yet, fully experienced this vast change. It is not often the work of a moment, though well-authenticated modern instances do exist, in which we have every reason to believe that men have been made to see and feel the truth almost as miraculously as was St. Paul himself.

As for this extraordinary savage, he had entered into the strait and narrow way, though he was not far advanced on its difficult path.

When men tell us of the great progress that the race is making towards perfection, and point to the acts which denote its wisdom, its power to control its own affairs, its tendencies towards good when most left to its own self-control, our minds are filled with scepticism. The everyday experience of a life now fast verging towards three-score, contradicts the theory and the facts. We believe not in the possibility of man's becoming even a strictly rational being, unaided by a power from on high; and all that we have seen and read goes to convince us that *he* is most of a philosopher, the most accurate judge of his real state, the most truly learned, who most vividly sees the necessity of falling back on the precepts of revelation for all his higher principles and practice. We conceive that this mighty truth furnishes unanswerable proof of the unceasing agency of a Providence, and when we once

admit this, we concede that our own powers are insufficient for our own wants.

That the world, as a whole, is advancing towards a better state of things, we as firmly believe as we do that it is by ways that have not been foreseen by man; and that, whenever the last has been made the agent of producing portions of this improvement, it has oftener been without design or calculation, than with it. Who, for instance, supposes that the institutions of this country, of which we boast so much, could have stood as long as they have, without the conservative principles that are to be found in the *Union;* and who is there so vain as to ascribe the overshadowing influence of this last great power to any wisdom in man? We all know that perfectly fortuitous circumstances, or what appear to us to be such, produced the Federal Government, and that its strongest and least exceptionable features are precisely those which could not be withstood, much less invented, as parts of the theory of a polity.

A great and spasmodic political movement is, at this moment, convulsing Christendom. That good will come of it we think is beyond a question; but we greatly doubt whether it will come in the particular form, or by the specified agencies that human calculations would lead us to expect. It must be admitted that the previous preparation which has induced the present efforts are rather in opposition to, than the consequences of, calculated agencies; overturning in their progress the very safeguards which the sagacity of men had interposed to the advance of those very opinions that have been silently, and by means that would perhaps baffle inquiry, preparing the way for the results that have been so suddenly and unexpectedly obtained. If the course is onward, it is more as the will of God, than from any calculations of man; and it is when the last are the most active, that there is the greatest reason to apprehend the consequences.

Of such a dispensation of the providence of Almighty God, do we believe Peter to have

been the subject. Among the thousand ways that are employed to touch the heart, he had been most affected by the sight of a dying man's asking benedictions on his enemies! It was assailing his besetting sin; attacking the very citadel of his savage character, and throwing open, at once, an approach into the deepest recesses of his habits and dispositions. It was like placing a master-key in the hands of him who would go through the whole tenement, for the purpose of purifying it.

CHAPTER VI.

Thou to whom every faun and satyr flies
For willing service; whether to surprise
The squatted hare, while in half-sleeping fits;
Or upward ragged precipices flit
To save poor lambkins from the eagle's maw;
Or by mysterious enticement draw
Bewildered shepherds to their path again; —

KEATS.

IT can easily be understood that the party with the canoes were left by Peter in a state of great anxiety. The distance between the site of the hut and their place of concealment was but little more than a quarter of a mile, and the yell of the savages had often reached their ears, notwithstanding the cover of the woods. This proximity, of itself, was fearful; but the uncertainty that le Bourdon felt on the subject

of Peter's real intentions, added greatly to his causes of concern. Of course, he knew but little of the sudden change that had come over this mysterious chief's feelings; nor is it very likely that he would have been able to appreciate it, even had the fact been more fully stated. Our hero had very little acquaintance with the dogmas of Christianity, and would have most probably deemed it impossible that so great a revolution of purpose could have been so suddenly wrought in the mind of man, had the true state of the case been communicated to him. He would have been ready enough to allow that, with God, nothing is impossible; but might have been disposed to deny the influence of His Holy Spirit, as exhibited in this particular form, for a reason no better than the circumstance that he himself had never been the subject of such a power. All that Peter had said, therefore, served rather to mystify him than to explain, in its true colours, what had actually occurred. With Margery it was different. Her schooling had

been far better than that of any other of the party, and, while she admired the manly appearance, and loved the free, generous, character of her husband, she had more than once felt pained at the passing thoughts of his great indifference to sacred things. This feeling in le Bourdon, however, was passive rather than active, and gave her a kind interest in his future welfare, rather than any present pain through acts and words.

But, as respects their confidence in Peter, this young couple were much further apart than in their religious notions. The Bee-hunter had never been without distrust, though his apprehensions had been occasionally so far quieted as to leave him nearly free of them altogether; while his wife had felt the utmost confidence in the chief, from the very commencement of their acquaintance. It would be useless, perhaps, to attempt to speculate on the causes; but it is certain that there are secret sources of sympathy that draw particular individuals towards each other, and antipathies

that keep them widely separated. Men shall meet for the first time, and feel themselves attracted towards each other, like two drops of water, or repelled, like the corks of an electric machine.

The former had been the case with Peter and Margery. They liked each other from the first, and kind offices had soon come to increase this feeling. The girl had now seen so much of the Indians, as to regard them much as she did others, or with the discriminations and tastes, or distastes, with which we all regard our fellow-creatures; feeling no particular cause of estrangement. It is true that Margery would not have been very likely to fall in love with a young Indian, had one come in her way of a suitable age and character; for her American notions on the subject of colour might have interposed difficulties; but, apart from the tender sentiments, she could see good and bad qualities in one of the aborigines, as well as in a white man. As a consequence of this sympathy between Peter and Margery, the

last had ever felt the utmost confidence in the protection and friendship of the first. This she did, even while the struggle was going on in his breast on the subject of including her in his fell designs, or of making an exception in her favour. It shows the waywardness of our feelings, that Margery had never reposed confidence in Pigeonswing, who was devotedly the friend of le Bourdon, and who remained with them for no other reason than a general wish to be of use. Something *brusque* in his manner, which was much less courteous and polished than that of Peter, had early rendered her dissatisfied with him, and once estranged, she had never felt disposed to be on terms of intimacy, sufficient to ascertain his good or bad qualities.

The great change of feeling in Peter was not very clearly understood by Margery, any more than it was by her husband; though had her attention been drawn more strictly to it, she would have best known how to appreciate it. But this knowledge was not wanting to put *her*

perfectly at peace, so far as apprehensions of his doing her harm were concerned. This sense of security she now manifested in a conversation with le Bourdon, that took place soon after Peter had left them.

"I wish we weren't in the hands of this redskin, Margery," said her husband, a little more off his guard than was his wont.

"Of Peter! You surprise me, Benjamin. I think we could not be in better hands, since we have got this risk to run with the savages. If it was Pigeonswing that you feared, I could understand it."

"I will answer for Pigeonswing with my life."

"I am glad to hear you say so, for *I* do not half like *him*. Perhaps I am prejudiced against him. The scalp he took down at the mouth of the river set me against him from the first."

"Do you not know, Margery, that your great friend goes by the name of 'Scalping Peter?'"

"Yes, I know it very well; but I do not believe he ever took a scalp in his life."

"Did he ever tell you as much as that?"

"I can't say that he did; but he has never paraded anything of the sort before my eyes, like Pigeonswing. I do not half like that Chippewa, dear Bourdon."

"No fear of him, Margery; nor, when I come to think it all over, do I see why Peter should have brought us here, if he means anything wrong. The man is so mysterious, that I cannot line him down to his hole."

"My word for it, Bourdon, that when you *do*, it will take you to a friendly hive. I have put almost as much faith in Peter as in you or Gershom. You heard what he said about Parson Amen and the corporal."

"And how coolly he took it all," answered her husband, shaking his head. "It has been a sudden departure for them, and one would think even an Injin might have felt it more."

Margery's cheek grew pale, and her limbs

trembled a little. It was a minute ere she could pursue the discourse.

"This is terrible, but I will not, cannot, believe it," she said. "I'm sure, Bourdon, we ought to be very thankful to Peter for having brought us here. Remember how earnestly he listened to the words of the Saviour."

"If he has brought us here with a good intention, I thank him for it. But I scarce know what to think. Pigeonswing has given me many a hint, which I have understood to mean that we ought not to trust this unknown Injin too much."

"So has he given me some of his hints, though I would sooner trust Peter than trust him any time."

"Our lives are in the care of Providence, I see. If we can really rely on these two Injins, all may be well; for Peter has brought us to an admirable cover, and he says that the Chippewa prepared it."

The young husband and his wife now landed, and began to examine more particularly into

the state of the swamp, near their place of concealment. Just at that spot the bank of the river was higher than in most of the low land, and was dry, with a soil that approached sand. This was the place where the few young pines had grown. The dry ground might have covered four or five acres, and so many trees having been felled, light and air were admitted in a way to render the place comparatively cheerful. The branches of the felled trees made a sufficient cover in all directions, though the swamp itself was more than that, almost a defence, towards the Openings. The Bee-hunter found it was possible, though it was exceedingly difficult, to make his way through it. He ascertained the fact, however, since it might be important to their future movements to know it.

In a word, le Bourdon made a complete *reconnaissance* of his position. He cleared a spot for the females, and made a sort of hut, that would serve as a protection against rain, and in which they all might sleep at night.

There was little doubt that this place must be occupied for some days, if Peter was acting in good faith, since an early movement would infallibly lead to detection. Time must be given to the Indians to precede them, or the great numbers of the savages would scarce leave a hope of escape. A greater sense of security succeeded this examination, and these arrangements. The danger was almost entirely to be apprehended on the side of the river. A canoe passing up-stream might, indeed, discover their place of concealment, but it was scarcely to be apprehended that one would wade through the mud and water of the swamp to approach them in any other direction.

Under these circumstances, le Bourdon began to feel more security in their position. Could he now be certain of Peter, his mind would be comparatively at ease, and he might turn his attention altogether to making the party comfortable. Margery, who seldom quitted his side, reasoned with him on the subject of the mysterious chief's good faith,

and by means of her own deep reliance on him, she came at last to the point of instilling some of her own confidence into the mind of her husband. From that time he worked at the shelter for the females, and the other little arrangements their situation rendered necessary, with greater zest, and with far more attention to the details. So long as we are in doubt of accomplishing good, we hesitate about employing our energies; but once let hope revive within us, in the shape of favourable results, and we become new men; bracing every nerve to the task, and working with redoubled spirit; even should it be at the pump of the sinking ship, which we believe ranks the highest among the toils that are inflicted on the unfortunate.

For three days and nights did le Bourdon and his friends remain on that dry land of the swamp, without hearing or seeing anything of either Peter or Pigeonsw ing.The time was growing long, and the party anxious; though the sense of security was much increased by

this apparent exemption from danger. Still, uncertainty, and the wish to ascertain the precise state of things in the Openings, were gradually getting to be painful, and it was with great satisfaction that the Bee-hunter met his young wife as she came running towards him, on the morning of the fourth day, to announce that an Indian was approaching, by wading in the margin of the river, keeping always in the water so as to leave no trail. Hurrying to a point whence their visitor might be seen, le Bourdon soon perceived it was no other than Pigeonswing. In a few minutes this Indian arrived, and was gladly received by all four of the fugitives, who gathered around him, eager to hear the news.

"You are welcome, Chippewa," cried le Bourdon, shaking his friend cordially by the hand. "We were half afraid we might never see you again. Do you bring us good or evil tidings?"

"Must n't be squaw, and ask too much question, Bourdon," returned the red-skin,

carefully examining the priming of his rifle, in order to make sure it was not wet. "Got plenty venison, eh?"

"Not much venison is left, but we have caught a good many fish, which have helped us along. I have killed a dozen large squirrels, too, with your bow and arrows, which I find you left in your canoe. But——"

"Yes, he good bow dat—might kill humming-bird wid dat bow. Fish good here, eh?"

"They are eatable, when a body can get no better. But *now* I should think, Pigeonswing, you might give us some of the news."

"Must n't be squaw, Bourdon—bad for warrior be squaw. Alway bess be man, and be patient, like man. What you t'ink, Bourdon? Got him at last!"

"Got *what*, my good fellow? I see nothing about you but your arms and ammunition."

"Got scalp of dat Weasel! Was n't dat well done? Nebber no young warrior take more scalp home dan Pigeonswing carry dis time! Got t'ree; all hid, where Bear's Meat nebber

know. Take 'em away, when he get ready to march."

"Well, well, Chippewa—I suppose it will not be easy to reason you out of this feelin'—but what has become of the red-skins who burned my cabin, and who killed the missionary and the corporal?"

"All about—dough most go down river. Look here, Bourdon, some of dem chief fool enough to t'ink bee carry you off on his wing!"

Here the Chippewa looked his contempt for the credulity and ignorance of the others, though he did not express it after the boisterous manner in which a white man of his class might have indulged. To him le Bourdon was a good fellow, but no conjuror, and he understood the taking of the bee too well to have any doubts as to the character of that process. His friend had let him amuse himself by the hour, in looking through his spy-glass, so that the mind of this one savage was particularly well fortified against the inroads of the weaknesses that had invaded those of most

of the members of the Great Council. Consequently, he was amused with the notion taken up by some of the others, that le Bourdon had been carried off by bees, though he manifested his amusement in a very Indian-like fashion.

"So much the better," answered le Bourdon; "and I hope they have followed, to line me down to my hive in the settlements."

"Most on 'em go—yes, dat true. But some don't go, Plenty of Injins still about dis part of Opening."

"What are we then to do? We shall soon be in want of food. The fish do not bite as they did, and I have killed all the squirrels I can find. You know I dare not use a rifle."

"Don't be squaw, Bourdon. When Injin get marry he grows good deal like squaw at fuss; but dat soon go away. I spose its just so wid pale-face. Mustn't be squaw, Bourdon, Dat bad for warrior. What you do for eat? Why, see dere," pointing to an object that was floating slowly down the river, the current of

which was very sluggish just in that reach. "Dere as fat buck as ever did see, eh?"

Sure enough the Indian had killed a deer, of which the Openings were full, and having brought it to the river, he had constructed a raft of logs, and placing the carcase on it, he had set his game adrift, taking care to so far precede it as to be in readiness to tow it into port. When this last operation was performed it was found that the Chippewa did not heedlessly vaunt the quality of his prize. What was more, so accurately had he calculated the time, and the means of subsistence in the possession of the fugitives, that his supply came in just as it was most needed. In all this he manifested no more than the care of an experienced and faithful hunter. Next to the war-path, the hunting-ground is the great field for an Indian's glory; deeds and facts, so far eclipsing purely intellectual qualifications with savages, as to throw oratory, though much esteemed by them, and wisdom at the Council Fires, quite into the shade. In all this, we

find the same propensity among ourselves. The common mind, ever subject to these impulses, looks rather to such exploits as address themselves to the senses and the imagination, than to those qualities which the reason alone can best appreciate; and in this, ignorance asserts its negative power over all conditions of life.

Pigeonswing now condescended to enter on such explanations as the state of the case rendered necessary. His account was sufficiently clear, and it manifested throughout the sagacity and shrewdness of a practised hunter and scout. We shall not attempt to give his words, which would require too much space, but the substance of his story was briefly this.

As has been alluded to already, the principal chiefs, on a suggestion of Bear's Meat, had followed the young men down the Kalamazoo, dividing themselves by a part of their body's crossing the stream at the first favourable spot. In this way the Indians proceeded, sweeping the river before them, and examining every

place that seemed capable of concealing a canoe. Runners were kept in constant motion between the several parties, in order to let the state of the search be known to all; and, feigning to be one of these very men, Pigeonswing had held communication with several whom he purposely met, and to whom he imparted such invented information as contributed essentially to send the young men forward on a false scent. In this way, the main body of the savages descended the river some sixty miles, following its windings, in the first day and a half. Here Pigeonswing left them, turning his own face up stream, in order to rejoin his friends. Of Peter he had no knowledge; neither knowing, nor otherwise learning, what had become of the great chief. On his way up stream, Pigeonswing met several more Indians; runners like himself, or as he seemed to be; or scouts kept on the look-out for the fugitives. He had no difficulty in deceiving these men. None of them had been of Crowsfeather's party, and he was a stranger to them all. Ignorant of his

real character, they received his information without distrust, and the orders he pretended to convey were obeyed by them without the smallest hesitation. In this way, then, Pigeons-wing contrived to send all the scouts he met away from the river, by telling them that there was reason to think the pale-faces had abandoned the stream, and that it was the wish of Bear's Meat that their trail should be looked for in the interior. This was the false direction that he gave to all, thereby succeeding better even than he had hoped in clearing the banks of the Kalamazoo of observers and foes. Nevertheless, many of those whom he knew to be out, some quite in the rear of the party, and others in its front, and at no great distance from them, he did not meet; of course he could not get his false directions to their ears. There were, in fact, so many of the Indians, and so few of the whites, that it was an easy matter to cover the path with young warriors, any one party of whom would be strong enough to capture two men and as many women.

Having told the tale of his own doings, Pigeons-wing next came to his proposition for the mode of future proceeding. He proposed that the family should get into the canoes that very night, and commence its flight by going down the stream directly towards its foes! This sounded strangely, but there did not seem to be any alternative. A march across the peninsula would be too much for the females, and there was the certainty that their trail would be found. It may seem strange to those who are unacquainted with the American Indian and his habits, to imagine that, in so large an expanse, the signs of the passage of so small a party might not escape detection; but such was the case. To one unaccustomed to the vigilance and intelligence of these savages, it must appear just as probable that the vessel could be followed through the wastes of the ocean, by means of its wake, as that the foot-prints should be so indelible as to furnish signs that can be traced for days. Such, however, is the fact, and no one understood it better than the Chippewa.

He was also aware that the country towards Ohio, whither the fugitives would naturally direct their course, now that the English were in possession of Detroit, must soon be a sort of battle-ground, to which most of the warriors of that region would eagerly repair. Under all the circumstances, therefore, he advised the flight by means of the river. Le Bourdon reasoned on all he heard, and, still entertaining some of his latent distrust of Peter, and willing to get beyond his reach, he soon acquiesced in the proposition, and came fully into the plan.

It was now necessary to re-load the canoes. This was done in the course of the day, and every arrangement was made, so as to be ready for a start as soon as the darkness set in. Everybody was glad to move, though all were aware of the extent of the hazard they run. The females, in particular, felt their hearts beat, as each, in her husband's canoe, issued out of the cover into the open river. Pigeons-wing took the lead; paddling with a slow, but

steady sweep of his arm, and keeping as close as was convenient to one bank. By adopting this precaution, he effectually concealed the canoes from the eyes of all on that side of the river, unless they stood directly on its margin, and had the aid of the shadows to help to conceal them from any who might happen to be on the other. In this way, then, the party proceeded, passing the site of the hut, and the grove of the Openings around it, undetected. As the river necessarily flowed through the lowest land, its banks were wooded much of the way, which afforded great protection to the fugitives; and this so much the more because these woods often grew in swamps where the scouts would not be likely to resort.

About midnight the canoes reached the first rift. An hour was lost in unloading and reloading the canoes, and in passing the difficulties at that point, As soon as this was done, the party re-embarked, and resorted once more to the use of the paddle, in order to gain a particular sheltered reach of the river previously

to the return of light. This was effected successfully, and the party landed.

It now appeared that Pigeonswing had chosen another swamp, as a place of concealment for the fugitives to use during the day. These swamps, through which the river wound its way in short reaches, were admirably adapted to such purposes. Dark, sombre, and hardly penetrable on the side of the land, they were little likely to be entered after a first examination. Nor was it at all probable that females, in particular, would seek a refuge in such a place. But the Chippewa had found the means to obviate the natural obstacles of the low land. There were several spots where the water from the river set back into the swamp, forming so many little creeks; and into the largest of one of these he pushed his canoe, the others following where he led. By resorting to such means, the shelter now obtained was more complete, perhaps, than that previously left.

Pigeonswing forced his light boat up the

shallow inlet, until he reached a bit of dry land, where he brought up, announcing *thăt* as the abiding-place during the day. Glad enough was every one to get on shore, in a spot that promised security, after eight hours of unremitted paddling and of painful excitement. Notwithstanding the rifts and carrying-places they had met, and been obliged to overcome, le Bourdon calculated that they had made as many as thirty miles in the course of that one night. This was a great movement, and to all appearances it had been made without detection. As for the Chippewa, he was quite content, and no sooner was his canoe secured, than he lighted his pipe and sat down to its enjoyment with an air of composure and satisfaction.

"And here, you think, Pigeonswing, that we shall be safe during the day?" demanded le Bourdon, approaching the fallen tree on which the Indian had taken his seat.

"Sartain—no Pottawattamie come here. Too wet. Don't like wet. An't duck, or goose—

like dry land, juss like squaw. Dis good 'baccy, Bourdon — hope you got more for friend."

"I have enough for us all, Pigeonswing, and you shall have a full share. Now tell me; what will be your next move, and where do you intend us to pass the morrow?"

"Juss like diss. Plenty of swamp, Bourdon, on Kekalamazoo *. Run canoe in swamp; den safe 'nough. Injins wont look 'ere, 'cause he don't know whereabout look. Don't like swamp. Great danger down at mouth of river."

"So it has seemed to me, Chippewa. The Injins must be there in a strong force, and we shall find it no easy matter to get through them. How do you propose to do it?"

"Go by in night. No udder way. When can't see, can't see. Dere plenty of rush dere; dat good t'ing, and p'raps dat help us. Rush good cover for canoe. Expec', when we get

* This is the true Indian word, though the whites have seen fit to omit the first syllable.

down 'ere, to get some scalp, too. Plenty of Pottawattamie about dat lodge, sartain; and it very hard if don't get some on him scalp. You mean stop, and dig up *cache;* eh, Bourdon?"

The cool, quiet manner in which Pigeonswing revealed his own plans, and inquired into those of his friend, had at least the effect to revive the confidence of le Bourdon. He could not think the danger very great so long as one so experienced as the Chippewa felt so much confidence in his own future proceedings; and, after talking a short time longer with this man, the Bee-hunter went to seek Margery, in order to impart to her a due portion of his own hopes.

The sisters were preparing the breakfast. This was done without the use of fire, it being too hazardous to permit smoke to rise above the tops of the trees. Many is the camp that has been discovered by the smoke, which can be seen at a great distance, and is a certain sign of the presence of man, when it ascends in

threads, or such small columns as denote a domestic fire beneath. This is very different from the clouds that float above the burning prairies, and which all, at once, impute to their true origin. The danger of using fire had been so much guarded against, by our fugitives, that the cooking of the party had been done at night; the utmost caution having been used to prevent the fire itself from being seen, and care taken to extinguish it long before the return of day. A supply of cold meat was always on hand, and had it not been, the fugitives would have known how to live on berries, or, at need, to fast; anything was preferable, being exposed to certain capture.

As soon as the party had broken their fast, arrangements were made for recruiting nature by sleep. As for Pigeonswing, Indian-like, he had eaten enormously, no reasonable quantity of venison sufficing to appease his appetite; and when he had eaten, he lay down in the bottom of his canoe and slept. Similar dispositions were made of their persons, by the

rest, and half an hour after the meal was ended, all there were in a profound sleep. No watch was considered necessary, and none was kept.

The rest of the weary is sweet. Long hours passed, ere any one there awoke; but no sooner did the Chippewa move, than all the rest were afoot. It was now late in the day, and it was time to think of taking the meal that was to sustain them through the toil and fatigues of another arduous night. This was done, the necessary preparations being made for a start ere the sun had set. The canoes were then shoved as near the mouth of the inlet, as it was safe to go while the light remained. Here they stopped, and a consultation took place, as to the manner of proceeding.

No sooner did the shades of evening close around the place, than the fugitives again put forth. The night was clouded and dark, and so much of the way now lay through forests, that there was little reason to apprehend detection. The chief causes of delay were the rifts, and the

portages, as had been the case the night before. Luckily, le Bourdon had been up and down the stream so often, as to be a very tolerable pilot in its windings. He assumed the control, and by midnight the greatest obstacle to that evening's progress was overcome. At the approach of day, Pigeonswing pointed out another creek, in another swamp, where the party found a refuge for the succeeding day. In this manner four nights were passed on the river, and as many days in swamps, without discovery. The Chippewa had nicely calculated his time and his distances, and not the smallest mistake was made. Each morning a place of shelter was reached in sufficient season; and each night the fugitives were ready for the start as the day shut in. In this manner, most of the river was descended, until a distance that could be easily overcome in a couple of hours of paddling, alone remained between the party and the mouth of the stream. Extreme caution was now necessary, for signs of Indians in the neighbourhood had been detected at several

points, in the course of the last night's work. On one occasion, indeed, the escape was so narrow as to be worth recording.

It was at a spot where the stream flowed through a forest denser than common, that Pigeonswing heard voices on the river, ahead of him. One Indian was calling to another, asking to be set across the stream in a canoe. It was too late to retreat, and so much uncertainty existed as to the nearness, or distance, of the danger, that the Chippewa deemed it safest to bring all three of his canoes together, and to let them float past the point suspected, or rather *known*, to be occupied by enemies. This was done with the utmost care. The plan succeeded, though not without running a very great risk. The canoes did float past unseen, though there was a minute of time when le Bourdon fancied by the sounds, that savages were talking to each other, within a hundred feet of his ears. Additional security however was felt in consequence of the circumstance, since the pursuers must imagine

the river below them to be freed from the pursued.

The halt that morning was made earlier than had been the practice previously. This was done because the remaining distance was so small, that in continuing to advance, the party would have incurred the risk of reaching the mouth of the river by daylight. This was to be avoided on every account, but principally because it was of great importance to conceal from the savages the direction taken. Were the chiefs certain that their intended victims were on Lake Michigan, it would be possible for them to send parties across the isthmus, that should reach points on Lake Huron, days in advance of the arrival of the Bee-hunter and his friends in the vicinity of Saginaw, or *Pointe aux Barques*, for instance, and where the canoes would be almost certain to pass near the shore, laying their ambushes to accomplish these ends. It was thought very material, therefore, to conceal the movements, even after the lake might be reached, though le

Bourdon had not a doubt of his canoes much outsailing those of the savages. The Indians are not very skilful in the use of sails, while the Bee-hunter knew how to manage a bark canoe in rough water, with unusual skill. In the common acceptation, he was no sailor; but in his own peculiar craft, there was not a man living who could excel him in dexterity or judgment.

The halting-place that morning was not in a swamp, for none offered at a suitable distance from the mouth of the river. On the contrary, it was in a piece of Opening, that was tolerably well garnished with trees, however, and through which ran a small brook that poured its tribute into the Kalamazoo. The Chippewa had taken notice of this brook, which was large enough to receive the canoes, where they might be concealed in the rushes. A favourable copse, surrounded with alders, afforded a covered space on shore, and these advantages were improved for an encampment.

Instead of seeking his rest as usual, on

reaching this cover, Pigeonswing left the party on a scout. He walked up the brook some distance, in order to conceal his trail, and then struck across the Opening, taking the direction westward, or towards the river's mouth. As for le Bourdon and his friends, they ate and slept as usual undisturbed; but arose some hours before the close of day.

Thus far, a great work had been accomplished. The canoes had descended the stream with a success that was only equalled by the hardihood of the measure, conducted by an intelligence that really seemed to amount to an instinct. Pigeonswing carried a map of the Kalamazoo in his head, and seemed never at a loss to know where to find the particular place he sought. It is true, he had roamed through those Openings ever since he was a child; and an Indian seldom passes a place susceptible of being made of use to his habits, that he does not take such heed of its peculiarities, as to render him the master of all its facilities.

Margery was now full of hope, while the

Bee-hunter was filled with apprehensions. She saw all things *couleur de rose*, for she was young, happy, and innocent: but he better understood that they were just approaching the most serious moment of their flight. He knew the vigilance of the American savage, and could not deceive himself on the subject of the danger they must run. The mouth of the river was just the place that, of all others, would be the closest watched, and to pass it would require not only all their skill and courage, but somewhat of the fostering care of Providence. It might be done with success, though the chances were much against it.

CHAPTER VII.

Yes! we have need to bid our hopes repose
On some protecting influence; here confined,
Life hath no healing balm for mental woes;
Earth is too narrow for the immortal mind.
Our spirits burn to mingle with the day,
As exiles panting for their native coast;
Yet lured by every wild-flower from their way,
And shrinking from the gulf that must be crossed;
Death hovers round us—in the zephyr's sigh
As in the storm he comes—and lo! Eternity!

MRS. HEMANS.

IT was probably that inherent disposition to pry into unknown things, which is said to mark her sex, and which was the weakness assailed by the serpent when he deluded Eve into disobedience, that now tempted Margery to go beyond the limits which Pigeonswing had set for her, with a view to explore and ascertain

what might be found without. In doing this, however, she did not neglect a certain degree of caution, and avoided exposing her person as much as possible.

Margery had got to the very verge of prudence, so far as the cover was concerned, when her steps were suddenly arrested by a most unexpected and disagreeable sight. An Indian was seated on a rock within twenty feet of the place where she stood. His back was towards her, but she was certain it could not be Pigeonswing, who had gone in a contrary direction, while the frame of this savage was much larger and heavier than that of the Chippewa. His rifle leaned against the rock, near his arm, and the tomahawk and knife were in his belt; still Margery thought, so far as she could ascertain, that he was not in his war-paint, as she knew was the fact with those whom she had seen at Prairie Round. The attitude and whole deportment of this stranger, too, struck her as remarkable. Although our heroine stood watching him for several minutes, almost

breathless with terror and anxiety to learn his object, he never stirred even a limb in all that time. There he sate, motionless as the rock on which he had placed himself; a picture of solitude and reflection!

It was evident, moreover, that this stranger also sought a species of concealment, as well as the fugitives. It is true he had not buried himself in a cover of bushes: but his seat was in a hollow of the ground where no one could have seen him, from the rear or on either side, at a distance a very little greater than that at which Margery stood, while his front was guarded from view by a line of bushes that fringed the margin of the stream. Marius, pondering on the mutations of fortune, amid the ruins of Carthage, could scarcely have presented a more striking object than the immoveable form of this stranger. At length the Indian slightly turned his head, when his observer, to her great surprise, saw the hard, red, but noble and expressive profile of the well-known features of Peter.

In an instant all Margery's apprehensions vanished, and her hand was soon lightly laid on the shoulder of her friend. Notwithstanding the suddenness of this touch, the great chief manifested no alarm. He turned his head slowly, and when he saw the bright countenance of the charming bride, his smile met hers in pleased recognition. There was no start, no exclamation, no appearance of surprise; on the contrary, Peter seemed to meet his pretty young friend much as a matter of course, and obviously with great satisfaction.

"How lucky this is, Peter!" exclaimed the breathless Margery. "Bourdon's mind will now be at rest, for he was afraid you had gone to join our enemies, Bear's Meat and his party."

"Yes; go and stay wid 'em. So bess. Now dey t'ink Peter all on deir side. But nebber forget you, young Blossom."

"I believe you, Peter, for I *feel* as if you are a true friend. How lucky that we should meet here!"

"No luck at all. Come a purpose. Pigeons-wing tell me where you be, so come here. Juss so."

"Then you expected to find us in this cover! and what have you to tell us of our enemies?"

"Plenty of *dem*. All about mout' of river. All about woods and openin's, here. More dan you count. T'ink of nuttin' but get your scalp."

"Ah! Peter;—why is it that you red men wish so much to take our lives?—and why have you destroyed the missionary, a pious Christian, who wished for nothing but your good?"

Peter bent his eyes to the earth, and for more than a minute he made no reply. He was much moved, however, as was visible in his countenance, which plainly denoted that strong emotions were at work within.

"Blossom, listen to my words," he at length answered. "They are such as a fader would speak to his da'ghter. You my da'ghter. Tell you so once; and what Injin say once, he say alway. Poor, and don't know

much, but know how to do as he say he do. Yes, you my da'ghter! Bear's Meat can't touch *you*, widout he touch *me*. Bourdon your husband; you his squaw. Husband and squaw go togedder, on same path. Dat right. But, Blossom, listen. Dere is Great Spirit. Injin believe dat as well as pale-face. See dat is so. Dere is Great *Wicked* Spirit, too. Feel dat, too; can't help it. For twenty winter dat Great Wicked Spirit stay close to my side. He put his hand before one of my ear, and he put his mout' to tudder. Keep whisper, whisper, whisper, day and night, nebber stop whisper. Tell me to kill pale-face, wherever I find him. Bess to kill him. If didn't kill pale-face, pale-face kill Injin. No help for it. Kill ole man, kill young man; kill squaws, pappoose, and all. Smash eggs and break up 'e nest. Dat what he whisper, day and night, for twenty winters. Whisper so much, was force to b'lieve him. Bad to have too much whisper of same t'ing in ear. Den, I want scalp. Couldn't have too much

scalp. Took much scalp. All pale-face scalp. Heart grow hard. Great pleasure was to kill pale-face. Dat feeling last, Blossom, till I see you. Feel like fader to you, and don't want your scalp. Won'er great deal why I feel so, but do feel so. Dat my natur'. Still want all udder pale-face scalp. Want Bourdon scalp, much as any."

A slight exclamation from his companion, which could scarcely be called a scream, caused the Indian to cease speaking, when the two looked towards each other, and their eyes met. Margery, however, saw none of those passing gleams of ferocity, which had so often troubled her, in the first few weeks of their acquaintance; in their stead, an expression of subdued anxiety, and an earnestness of inquiry that seemed to say how much the chief's heart yearned to know more on that mighty subject towards which his thoughts had lately been turned. The mutual glance sufficed to renew the confidence our heroine was very reluctant to relinquish, while it awakened afresh all of

Peter's parental concern in the welfare of the interesting young woman at his side.

"But, this feeling has left you, Peter, and you no longer wish Bourdon's scalp," said Margery hastily. "Now he is my husband, he is your son."

"Dat good, p'raps," answered the Injin, "but dat not a reason, nudder, Blossom. You right, too. Don't want Bourdon scalp any longer. Dat true. But don't want *any* scalp, any more. Heart grow soft—an't hard now."

"I wish I could let you understand, Peter, how much I rejoice to hear this! I have never felt afraid of you on my own account, though I will own that I have sometimes feared that the dreadful cruel stories which are told of your enmity to my colour are not altogether without truth. Now, you tell me you are the white man's friend, and that you no longer wish to injure him. These are blessed words, Peter; and humbly do I thank God, through his blessed Son, that I have lived to hear them!"

"Dat Son make me feel so," returned the Indian, earnestly. "Yes, juss so. My heart was hard, till medicine-priest tell dat tradition of Son of Great Spirit—how he die for all tribes and nations, and ask his fader to do good to dem dat take his life—dat won'erful tradition, Blossom! Sound like song of wren in my ear—sweeter than mocking-bird when he do his bess. Yes, dat won'erful. He true, too; for medicine-priest ask his Manitou to bless Injin, juss as Injin lift tomahawk to take his life. I see'd and heard dat, myself. All, won'erful, won'erful!"

"It was the Spirit of God that enabled poor Mr. Amen to do that, Peter; and it is the Spirit of God that teaches you to see and feel the beauty of such an act. Without the aid of that Spirit, we are helpless as children; with it, strong as giants. I do not wonder, at all, that the good missionary was able to pray for his enemies with his dying breath. God gave him strength to do so."

Margery spoke as she felt, earnestly and

with emphasis. Her cheeks flushed with the strength of her feelings, and Peter gazed on her with a species of reverence and wonder. The beauty of this charming young woman was pleasing rather than brilliant, depending much on expression for its power. A heightened colour greatly increased it, and when, as in this instance, the eyes reflected the tints of the cheeks, one might have journeyed days in older regions, without finding her equal in personal attractions. Much as he admired her, however, Peter had now that on his mind which rendered her beauty but a secondary object with him. His soul had been touched by the unseen, but omnipresent, power of the Holy Spirit, and his companion's language and fervour contributed largely in keeping alive his interest in what he felt.

"Nebber know Injin do dat," said Peter, in a slow, deliberative sort of way; "no, nebber know Injin do so. Alway curse and hate his enemy, and moss when about to lose his scalp. Den, feelin's hottest. Den, most want to use

tomahawk on his enemy. Den, most feel dat he hate him. But, not so wid medicine-priest. Pray for Injin; ask Great Spirit to do him all 'e good he can; juss as Injin was goin' to strike. Won'erful, won'erful—most won'erful *dat*, in my eyes. Blossom, you know Peter. He your fader. He take you, and make you his da'ghter. His heart is soft to you, Blossom. But, he nuttin' but poor Injin, dough a great chief. What he know? Pale-face pappoose know more than Injin chief. Dat come from Great Spirit, too. He wanted it so, and it is so. Our chiefs say dat Great Spirit love Injin. May be so. T'ink he love ebbery body; but he can't love Injin as much as he love pale-face, or he wouldn't let red-man know so little. Don't count wigwams, and towns, and canoes, and powder, and lead, as proof of Great Spirit's love. Pale-face got more of dese dan Injin. Dat I see and know, and dat I feel. But it no matter. Injin used to be poor, and don't care. When used to be poor, den used to it. When used to be rich, den it

hard not to be rich. All use. Injin don't care. But it bad not to know. I'm warrior—I'm hunter—I'm great chief. You squaw—you young—you know so much as squaw of chief. But you know most. I feel ashamed to know so little. Want to know more. Want to know most how 'e Son of Great Spirit die for all tribe, and pray to his fader to bless 'em dat kill him. Dat what Peter now want moss to know!"

"I wish I was better able to teach you, Peter, from the bottom of my heart; but the little I do know you shall hear. I would not deny you for a thousand worlds, for I believe the Holy Spirit has touched your heart, and that you will become a new man. Christians believe that all must become new men, who are to live in the other world, in the presence of God."

"How can dat be? Peter soon be ole—how can ole man grow young ag'in?"

"The meaning of this is that we must so change in feelings, as no longer to be the same

persons. The things that we loved we must hate, and the things that we hated, or at least neglected, we must love. When we feel this change in our hearts, then may we hope that we love and reverence the Great Spirit, and are living under his holy care.

Peter listened with the attention of an obedient and respectful child. If meeknees, humility, a wish to learn the truth, and a devout sentiment towards the Creator, are so many indications of the "new birth," then might this savage be said to have been truly "born again." Certainly he was no longer the same man, in a moral point of view, and of this he was himself entirely conscious. To him the wonder was what had produced so great and so sudden a change; But the reply he made to Margery will, of itself, sufficiently express his views of his own case.

"An Injin like a child," he said meekly, "nebber know. Even pale-face squaw know more dan great chief. Nebber feel as do now. Heart soft as young squaw's. Don't hate any-

body, no more. Wish well to all tribe, and colour, and nation. Don't hate Bri'sh, don't hate Yankee; don't hate Cherokee, even. Wish 'em all well. Don't know dat heart is strong enough to ask Great Spirit to do 'em all good, if dey want my scalp—p'raps dat too much for poor Injin; but don't want nobody's scalp, myself. Dat somet'in', I hope, for me."

"It is, indeed, Peter; and if you will get down on your knees, and humble your thoughts, and pray to God to strengthen you in these good feelings, he will be sure to do it, and make you altogether a new man."

Peter looked wistfully at Margery, and then turned his eyes towards the earth. After sitting in a thoughtful mood for some time, he again regarded his companion, saying, with the simplicity of a child,

"Don't know how to do dat, Blossom. Hear medicine-priest of pale-faces pray, some time, but poor Injin don't know enough to speak to Great Spirit. You speak to Great Spirit for

him. He know your voice, Blossom, and listen to what you say; but he won't hear Peter, who has so long hated his enemy. 'P'raps he angry if he hear Peter speak."

"In that you are mistaken, Peter. The ears of the Lord are ever open to our prayers, when put up in sincerity, as I feel certain that yours will now be. But, after I have told you the meaning of what I am about to say, I will pray with you and for you. It is best that you should begin to do this as soon as you can."

Margery then slowly repeated to Peter the words of the Lord's prayer. She gave him its history, and explained the meaning of several of its words that might otherwise have been unintelligible to him, notwithstanding his tolerable proficiency in English—a proficiency that had greatly increased in the last few weeks in consequence of his constant communications with those who spoke it habitually. The word "trespasses," in particular, was somewhat difficult for the Indian to comprehend, but Margery persevered until she succeeded in giving

her scholar tolerably accurate ideas of the meaning of each term. Then she told the Indian to kneel with her, and, for the first time in his life, that man of the Openings and Prairies lifted his voice in prayer to the one God. It is true that Peter had often before mentally asked favours of his Manitou; but the requests were altogether of a worldly character, and the being addressed was invested with attributes very different from those which he now understood to belong to the Lord of Heaven and Earth. Nor was the spirit in asking at all the same. We do not wish to be understood as saying that this Indian was already a full convert to Christianity, which contains many doctrines of which he had not the most distant idea; but his heart had undergone the first step in the great change of conversion, and he was now as humble as he had once been proud; as meek, as he had formerly been fierce; and he felt that certain proof of an incipient love of the Creator, in a similar feeling towards all the works of his hands.

When Peter arose from his knees, after repeating the prayer to Margery's slow leading, it was with the dependence of a child on the teaching of its mother. Physically, he was the man he ever had been. He was able to endure fatigue, as sinewy in his frame, and as capable of fasting and of sustaining fatigue, as in his most warlike days; but morally the change was great indeed. Instead of the obstinate confidence in himself and his traditions, which had once so much distinguished this chief, there was substituted an humble distrust of his own judgment, that rendered him singularly indisposed to rely on his personal views, in any matter of conscience, and he was truly become a child in all that pertained to his religious belief. In good hands, and under more advantageous circumstances, the moral improvement of Peter would have been great; but, situated as he was, it could not be said to amount to much more than a very excellent commencement.

All this time both Peter and Margery had

been too intent on their feelings and employment, to take much heed to the precautions necessary to their concealment. The sun was setting ere they arose, and then it was that Peter made the important discovery that they were observed by two of the young men of the Pottawattamies; scouts kept out by Bear's Meat to look for the fugitives.

The time was, when Peter would not have hesitated to use his rifle on these unwelcome intruders; but the better spirit that had come over him now led him to adopt a very different course. Motioning to the young men, he ordered them to retire, while he led Margery within the cover of the bushes. Formerly, Peter would not have scrupled to resort to deception, in order to throw these two young men on a wrong scent, and get rid of them in that mode; but now he had a reluctance to deceive; and, no sooner did they fall back at his beckoning, than he followed Margery to the camp. The latter was giving her husband a hurried account of what had just happened, Peter joined them.

"Our camp is known!" exclaimed the Bee-hunter, the instant he beheld the Indian.

"Juss so. Pottawattamie see squaw, and go and tell his chief. Dat sartain," answered Peter.

"What is there to be done?—Fight for our lives, or fly?"

"Get in canoe quick as can. It take dem young men half hour to reach place where chief be. In dat half hour we muss go as far as we can. No good to stay here. Injin come, in about one hour."

Le Bourdon knew his position well enough to understand this. Nevertheless there were several serious objections to an immediate flight. Pigeonswing was absent, and the Bee-hunter did not like the notion of leaving him behind, for various reasons. Then it was not yet dark; and to descend the river by daylight appeared like advancing into the jaws of the lion, designedly. Nor was le Bourdon at his case on the subject of Peter. His sudden appearance, the insufficient and far from clear

account of Margery, and the extraordinary course advised, served to renew ancient distrusts, and to render him reluctant to move. But of one thing there could be no doubt. Their present position must be known, for Margery had seen the two strange Indians with her own eyes, and a search might soon be expected. Under all the circumstances, therefore, our hero reluctantly complied with Margery's reiterated solicitations, and they all got into the canoes.

"I do not half like this movement, Peter," said le Bourdon, as he shoved his own light craft down the brook, previously to entering the river. "I hope it may turn out to be better than it looks, and that you can keep us out of the hands of our enemies. Remember, it is broad daylight, and that red men are plenty two or three miles below us."

"Yes, know dat. But muss go. Injin too plenty here, soon. Yes, muss go. Bourdon, why you can't ask Bee, now, what bess t'ing for you to do, eh? Good time now for Bee to tell what he know."

The Bee-hunter made no reply, but his pretty wife raised her hand, involuntarily, as if to implore the Indian to forbear. Peter was a little bewildered; for as yet he did not understand that a belief in necromancy was not exactly compatible with the notions of the Christian's providence. In his ignorance, how much was he worse off than the wisest of our race? Will any discreet man who has ever paid close attention to the power of the somnambule, deny that there is a mystery about such a person that exceeds all our means of explanation? That there are degrees in the extent of this power, that there are false as well as true somnambules, all who have attended to the subject must allow; but, a deriding disbeliever in our own person once, we have since seen that which no laws known to us can explain, and which we are certain is not the subject of collusion, as we must have been a party to the fraud ourselves were any such practised. To deny the evidence of our senses is an act of greater weakness than to believe

that there are mysteries connected with our moral and physical being that human sagacity has not yet been able to penetrate; and we repudiate the want of manliness that shrinks from giving its testimony when once convinced, through an apprehension of being derided as weaker than those who withhold their belief. We *know* that our own thoughts have been explained and rendered by a somnambule, under circumstances that will not admit of any information by means known to us by other principles; and whatever others may think on the subject, we are perfectly conscious that no collusion did or could exist. Why then are we to despise the poor Indian, because he still fancied le Bourdon could hold communication with his bees? We happen to be better informed, and there may be beings who are aware of the as yet hidden laws of animal magnetism —hidden as respects ourselves, though known to them—and who fully comprehend various mistakes and misapprehensions connected with our impressions on this subject, that escape

our means of detection. It is not surprising, therefore, that Peter in his emergency turned to these bees, in the hope that they might prove of assistance, or that Margery silently rebuked him for the weakness, in the manner mentioned.

Although it was still light, the sun was near setting when the canoes glided into the river. Fortunately for the fugitives the banks were densely wooded, and the stream of great width, a little lake in fact, and there was not much danger of their being seen until they got near the mouth; nor then, even, should they once get within the cover of the wild rice, and of the rushes. There was no retreat, however; and after paddling some distance, in order to get beyond the observation of any scout who might approach the place where they had last been seen, the canoes were brought close together, and suffered to float before a smart breeze, so as not to reach the mouth of the stream before the night closed around them. Everything appeared so tranquil, the solitude was so pro-

found, and their progress so smooth and uninterrupted, that a certain amount of confidence revived in the breasts of all, and even the Bee-hunter had hopes of eventual escape.

A conversation now occurred, in which Peter was questioned concerning the manner in which he had been occupied during his absence; an absence that had given le Bourdon so much concern. Had the chief been perfectly explicit, he would have confessed that fully one-half of his waking thoughts had been occupied in thinking of the death of the Son of God, of the missionary's prayer for his enemies, and of the sublime morality connected with such a religion. It is true Peter did not, could not, indeed, enter very profoundly into the consideration of these subjects; nor were his notions either very clear, or orthodox; but they were sincere, and the feelings to which they gave birth were devout. Peter did not touch on these circumstances, however, confining his explanations to the purely material part of his proceedings. He had remained

with Bear's Meat, Crowsfeather, and the other leading chiefs, in order to be at the fountain-head of information, and to interpose his influence should the pale-faces unhappily fall into the hands of those who were so industriously looking for them. Nothing had occurred to call his authority out, but a strange uncertainty seemed to reign among the warriors, concerning the manner in which their intended victims eluded their endeavours to overtake them. No trail had been discovered, scout after scout coming in to report a total want of success in their investigations, inland. This turned the attention of the Indians still more keenly on the river's mouth, it being certain that the canoes could not have passed out into the lake previously to the arrival of the two or three first parties of their young men, who had been sent so early to watch that particular outlet.

Peter informed le Bourdon that his *cache* had been discovered, opened, and rifled of its stores. This was a severe loss to our hero, and one that would have been keenly felt at

any other time; but, just then, he had interests so much more important to protect, that he thought and said little about this mishap. The circumstance which gave him the most concern was this. Peter stated that Bear's Meat had directed about a dozen of his young men to keep watch, day and night, in canoes, near the mouth of the river, lying in wait among the wild rice, like so many snakes in the grass.

The party was so much interested in this conversation that, almost insensibly to themselves, they had dropped down to the beginning of the rushes and rice, and had got rather dangerously near to the critical point of their passage. As it was still day-light, Peter now proposed pushing the canoes in among the plants, and there remaining until it might be safer to move. This was done, accordingly, and in a minute or two all three of the little barks were concealed within the cover.

The question now was, whether the fugitives had been observed, but suffered to advance, as every foot they descended the stream was

taking them nearer to their foes. Peter did not conceal his apprehension on this point, since he deemed it improbable that any reach near the mouth of the Kalamazoo was without its look-outs, at a moment so interesting. Such was, indeed, the fact, as was afterwards ascertained; but the young men who had seen Peter and Margery, had given the alarm, passing the word where the fugitives were to be found, and the sentinels along this portion of the stream had deserted their stations, in order to be in at the capture. By such delicate and unforeseen means does Providence often protect those who are the subjects of its especial care, baffling the calculations of art, by its own quiet control of events.

The Bee-hunter had a feverish desire to be moving. After remaining in the cover about half an hour, he proposed that they should get the canoes into one of the open passages, of which there were many among the plants, and proceed. Peter had more of the patience of an Indian, and deemed the hour too early. But

le Bourdon was not yet entirely free from distrust of his companion, and telling Gershom to follow, he began paddling down one of the passages mentioned. This decisive step compelled the rest to follow, or to separate from their companions. They chose to do the first.

Had le Bourdon possessed more self-command, and remained stationary a little longer, he would, in all probability, have escaped altogether from a very serious danger that he was now compelled to run. Although there were many of the open places among the plants, they did not always communicate with each other; and it became necessary to force the canoes through little thickets, in order to get out of one into another, keeping the general direction of descending the river. It was while effecting the first of these changes, that the agitation of the tops of the plants caught the eye of a look-out on the shore. By signals, understood among themselves, this man communicated his discovery to a canoe that was

acting as one of the guard-boats, thus giving a general alarm along the whole line of sentinels, as well as to the chiefs down at the hut, or at the mouth of the river. The fierce delight with which this news was received, after so long a delay, became ungovernable, and presently yells and cries filled the air, proceeding from both sides of the stream, as well as from the river itself.

There was not a white person in those canoes who did not conceive that their party was lost, when this clamour was heard. With Peter it was different. Instead of admitting of alarm, he turned all his faculties to use. While le Bourdon himself was nearly in despair, Peter was listening with his nice ears, to catch the points on the river whence the yells arose. For the banks he cared nothing. The danger was from the canoes. By the keenness of his faculties, the chief ascertained that there were four canoes out, and that they would have to run the gauntlet between them, or escape would be hopeless. By the sounds he also

became certain that these four canoes were in the rice, two on each side of the river; and there they would probably remain, in expectation that the fugitives would be most likely to come down in the cover..

The decision of Peter was made in a moment. It was now quite dark; and those who were in canoes within the rice could not well see the middle of the stream, even by daylight. He determined, therefore, to take the very centre of the river, giving his directions to that effect, with precision and clearness. The females he ordered to lie down, each in her own canoe, while their husbands alone were to remain visible. Peter hoped that, in the darkness, le Bourdon and Gershom might pass for Indians, on the look-out, and under his own immediate command.

One very important fact was ascertained by le Bourdon, as soon as these arrangements were explained and completed. The wind on the lake was blowing from the south, and of course was favourable to those who desired to

proceed in the opposite direction. This he communicated to Margary in a low tone, endeavouring to encourage her by all the means in his power. In return, the young wife muttered a few encouraging words to her husband. Every measure was understood between the parties. In the event of a discovery, the canoes were to bury themselves in the rice, taking different directions, each man acting for himself. A place of rendezvous was appointed outside, at a head-land known to Gershom and le Bourdon; and signals were agreed on, by which the latest arrival might know that all was safe there. These points were settled as the canoes floated slowly down the stream.

Peter took and kept the lead. The night was starlight and clear, but there was no moon. On the water, this made but little difference, objects not being visible at any material distance. The chief governed the speed, which was moderate, but regular. At the rate he was now going, it would require about an hour to carry the canoes into the lake. But nearly

all of that hour must pass in the midst of enemies!

Half of the period just mentioned elapsed, positively without an alarm of any sort. By this time, the party was abreast of the spot where Gershom and le Bourdon had secreted the canoes in the former adventure at the mouth of the river. On the shores, however, a very different scene now offered. Then the fire burned brightly in the hut, and the savages could be seen by its light. Now, all was not only dark, but still as death. There was no longer any cry, sound, alarm, or foot-fall, audible. The very air seemed charged with uncertainty, and its offspring apprehension.

As they approached nearer and nearer to what was conceived to be the most critical point in the passage, the canoes got closer together; so close, indeed, that le Bourdon and Gershom might communicate in very guarded tones. The utmost care was taken to avoid making any noise; since a light and careless blow from a paddle, on the side of a canoe,

would be almost certain, now, to betray them. Margery and Dorothy could no longer control their feelings, and each rose in her seat, raising her body so as to bring her head above the gunwale of the canoe, if a bark-canoe can be said to have a gunwale, at all. They even whispered to each other, endeavouring to glean encouragement by sympathy. At this instant, occurred the crisis in their attempt to escape.

CHAPTER VIII.

For an Indian isle she shapes her way
With constant mind both night and day:
She seems to hold her home in view;
And sails as if the path she knew,
So calm and stately in her motion
Across the unfathomed, trackless ocean.

WILSON.

IT has been said that Peter was in advance. When his canoe was nearly abreast of the usual landing at the hut, he saw two canoes coming out from among the rice, and distant from him not more than a hundred yards. At a greater distance, indeed, it would not have been easy to distinguish such an object on the water at all. Instead of attempting to avoid these two canoes, the chief instantly called to them, drawing the attention of those

in them to himself, speaking so loud as to be easily overheard by those who followed.

"My young men are too late," he said. "The pale-faces have been seen in the openings above by our warriors, and must soon be here. Let us land, and be ready to meet them at the wigwam."

Peter's voice was immediately recognised. The confident, quiet, natural manner in which he spoke served to mislead those in the canoes; and when he joined them, and entered the passage among the rice that led to the landing, preceding the others, the last followed him as regularly as the colt follows its dam. Le Bourdon heard the conversation, and understood the movement, though he could not see the canoes. Peter continued talking aloud, as he went up the passage, receiving answers to all he said from his new companions, his voice serving to let the fugitives know precisely where they were. All this was understood and improved by the last, who lost no time in turning the adventure to account.

The first impulse of le Bourdon had been to turn and fly up stream. But, ascertaining that these dangerous enemies were so fully occupied by Peter as not to see the canoes behind, he merely inclined a little towards the other side of the channel, and slackened his rate of movement, in order not to come too near. The instant he was satisfied that all three of the canoes in advance had entered the passage mentioned, and were moving towards the landing, he let out, and glided down the stream like an arrow. It required but half a minute to cross the opening of the passage, but Peter's conversation kept his followers looking ahead, which greatly lessened the risk. Le Bourdon's heart was in his mouth several times, while thus running the gauntlet, as it might be; but fortune favoured them; or, as Margery more piously understood the circumstances, a Divine Providence led them in safety past the danger.

At the mouth of river both le Bourdon and Gershom thought it highly probable that they

should fall in with more look-outs, and each prepared his arms for a fight. But no canoe was there, and the fugitives were soon in the lake. Michigan is a large body of water, and a bark canoe is but a frail craft to put to sea in when there is any wind, or commotion. On the present occasion, there was a good deal of both; so much as greatly to terrify the females. Of all the craft known, however, one of these egg-shells is really the safest, if properly managed among breakers, or amid the combing of seas. We have ourselves ridden in them safely through a surf that would have swamped the best man-of-war cutter that ever floated; and done it, too, without taking on board as much water as would serve to wash one's hands. The light vessel floats on so little of the element, indeed, that the foam of a large sea has scarce a chance of getting above it, or aboard it, the great point in the handling being to prevent the canoe from falling broad-side to. By keeping it end-on to the sea, in our opinion, a smart gale might be weathered in one of

these craft, provided the endurance of a man could bear up against the unceasing watchfulness, and incessant labour of sweeping with the paddle, in order, to prevent broaching to.

Le Bourdon, it has been said, was very skilful in the management of his craft; and Gershom, now perforce a sober and useful man, was not behind him in this particular. The former had foreseen this very difficulty, and made all his arrangements to counteract it. No sooner, therefore, did he find the canoes in rough water than he brought them together, side by side, and lashed them there. This greatly lessened the danger of capsizing, though it increased the labour of managing the craft when disposed to turn broadside to. It only remained to get sail on the catamaran, for some such thing was it now, in order to keep ahead of the sea, as much as possible. Light cotton lugs were soon spread, one in each canoe, and away they went, as sailors term it, wing and wing.

It was now much easier steering, though untiring vigilance was still necessary. A boat may appear to fly, and yet the "send of the sea" shall glance ahead of it with the velocity of a bird. Nothing that goes through, or *on*, the water, and the last is the phrase best suited to the floating of a bark canoe, can ever be made to keep company with that feathery foam, which under the several names of "white-caps"—an in-shore and lubber's term —"combs," "breaking of the seas," the "wash," &c., glances by a vessel in a blow, or comes on board her even when she is running before it. We have often watched these clouds of water, as they have shot ahead of us, when ploughing our own ten or eleven knot through the brine, and they have ever appeared to us as so many useful admonishers of what the power of God is, as compared to the power of man. The last shall construct his ship, fit her with all the appliances of his utmost art, sail her with a seaman's skill, and force her through her element with something like rail-road

speed; yet, will the seas "send" their feathery crests past her, like so many dolphins, or porpoises, sporting under her fore-foot. It is this following sea, which becomes so very dangerous in heavy gales, and which compels the largest ships frequently to heave-to, in order that they may present their bows to its almost resistless power.

But our adventurers had no such gales as those we mean, or any such seas to withstand. The wind blew fresh from the south, and Michigan can get up a very respectable swell at need. Like the seas in all the Great Lakes, it was short, and all the worse for that. The larger the expanse of water over which the wind passes, the longer is the sea, and the easier is it for the ship to ride on it. Those of Lake Michigan, however, were quite long enough for a bark canoe, and glad enough were both Margery and Dorothy when they found their two little vessels lashed together, and wearing an air of more stability than was common to them. Le Bourdon's sail was first

spread, and it produced an immediate relief from the washing of the waves. The drift of a bark canoe, in a smart blow, is considerable, it having no hold on the water to resist it: but our adventurers fairly flew as soon as the cotton cloth was opened. The wind by being exactly south, by steering due north, or dead before it, was found possible to carry the sail in the other canoe, borne out on the opposite side; and from the moment that was opened, all the difficulty was reduced to steering so "small," as seamen term it, as to prevent one or the other of the luggs from jibing. Had this occurred, however, no very serious consequences would have followed, the precaution taken of lashing the craft together, rendering capsizing next to impossible.

The Kalamazoo and its mouth were soon far behind, and le Bourdon no longer felt the least apprehension of the savages left in it. The Indians are not bold navigators, and he felt certain that the lake was too rough for the savages to venture out, while his own course

gradually carried him off the land, and out of the track of anything that kept near the shore. A short time produced a sense of security, and the wind appearing to fall, instead of increasing in violence, it was soon arranged that one of the men should sleep, while the other looked to the safety of the canoes.

It was about nine o'clock when the fugitives made sail off the mouth of the Kalamazoo; and at the return of light, seven hours later, they were more than forty miles from the place of starting. The wind still stood, with symptoms of growing fresher again as the sun rose, and the land could just be seen in the eastern board, the coast in that direction having made a considerable curvature inland. This had brought the canoes farther from the land than le Bourdon wished to be, but he could not materially change his course without taking in one of his sails. As much variation was made, however, as was prudent, and by nine o'clock or twelve hours after entering the lake, the canoes again drew near to the shore, which met

them ahead. By the Bee-hunter's calculations, they were now about seventy miles from the mouth of the Kalamazoo, having passed the outlets of two or three of the largest streams of those regions.

The fugitives selected a favourable spot, and landed behind a headland that gave them a sufficient lee for the canoes. They had now reached a point where the coast trends a little to the eastward, which brought the wind in a slight degree off the land. This change produced no very great effect on the seas, but it enabled the canoes to keep close to the shore, making something of a lee for them. This they did about noon, after having lighted a fire, caught some fish in a small stream, killed a deer, and dressed it, and cooked enough provisions to last for two or three days. The canoes were now separated again; it being easier to manage them in that state than when lashed together, besides enabling them to carry both sails. The farther north they got the more of a lee was found, though it was in no place sufficient to bring smooth water.

In this manner several more hours were passed, and six times as many more miles were made in distance. When le Bourdon again landed, which he did shortly before the sun set, he calculated his distance from the mouth of the Kalamazoo to be rather more than a hundred miles. His principal object was to ascend a bluff, and to take a look at the coast, in order to examine it for canoes. This his glass enabled him to do with some accuracy, and when he rejoined the party he was rejoiced to have it in his power to report that the coast was clear. After refreshing themselves, the canoes were again brought together, in order to divide the watches, and a new start was made for the night. In this manner, did our adventurers make their way to the northward for two nights and days, landing often, to fish, hunt, rest, and cook, as well as to examine the coast. At the end of the time mentioned, the celebrated straits of the Michillimackinac, or Mackinaw, as they are almost universally termed, came in sight. The course had been gradually changing

owards the eastward, and luckily for the progress of the fugitives, the wind with it, leaving them always a favourable breeze. But it was felt to be no longer safe to use a sail, and recourse was had to the paddles, until the straits and island were passed. This caused some delay, and added a good deal to the labour: but it was deemed so dangerous to display their white cotton sails, objects that might be seen for a considerable distance, that it was thought preferable to adopt this caution. Nor was it useless. In consequence of this foresight, a fleet of canoes was passed in safety, which were crossing from the post at Mackinaw towards the main land of Michigan. The number of the canoes in this fleet could not have been less than fifty, but getting a timely view of them, le Bourdon hid his own craft in a cove, and remained there until the danger was over.

The course now changed still more, while the wind got quite round to the westward. This made a fair wind at first, and gave the

canoes a good lee as they advanced. Lake Huron, which was the water the fugitives were now on, lies nearly parallel to Michigan, and the course was south, easterly. As le Bourdon had often passed both ways on these waters, he had his favourite harbours, and knew those signs which teach navigators how to make their prognostics of the weather. On the whole, the fugitives did very well, though they lost two days between Mackinaw and Saginaw Bay; one on account of the strength of the wind, and one on account of rain. During the last, they remained in a hut that le Bourdon had himself constructed in one of his many voyages, and which he had left standing. These empty cabins, or *chientés*, are of frequent occurrence in new countries, being used, like the Refuges in the Alps, by every traveller as he has need of them.

The sight of the fleet of canoes in the straits of Michillimackinac caused the fugitives the only real trouble they had felt, between the time when they left the mouth of the Kala-

mazoo, and the ten days that succeeded. By the end of that period the party had crossed Saginaw, and was fast coming up with *Pointe aux Barques*, a land-mark for all who navigate the waters of Huron, when a canoe was seen coming out from under the land, steering as if to intercept them. This sight gave both concern and pleasure; concern, as it might lead to a hostile encounter, and pleasure, because the Bee-hunter hoped for information that might be useful in governing his future course. Here his glass came in play with good effect. By means of that instrument, it was soon ascertained that the strange canoe contained but two men, both Indians, and as that was just their own force, no great danger was apprehended from the meeting. The craft, therefore, continued to approach each other, le Bourdon keeping his glass levelled on the strangers much of the time.

"As I live, yonder are Peter and Pigeonswing," suddenly exclaimed our hero. "They have crossed the Peninsula, and have come

out from the point, in that canoe, to meet us."

"With important news, then, depend on it, Benjamin," answered the wife. "Tell this to brother, that he and Dolly may not feel more alarm than is necessary."

The Bee-hunter called out to his friends in the other canoe, and communicated the discovery just made. The two craft keeping always within hailing distance of each other.

"Them Injins are not here for nothing," answered Dorothy. "You will find they have something serious to say."

"We shall soon know," called out le Bourdon. "Ten minutes will bring us alongside of them."

The ten minutes did that much, and before the expiration of the short space, the three canoes were fastened together, that of Peter being in the centre. The Bee-hunter saw, at a glance, that the expedition of the Indians had been hurried; for their canoe, besides being of very indifferent qualities, was not provided with

the implements and conveniences usual to a voyage of any length. Still, he would not ask a question, but lighting his pipe, after a few puffs, he passed it courteously over to Peter. The great chief smoked awhile, and gave it to Pigeonswing, in his turn, who appeared to enjoy it quite as much as any of the party.

"My father does not believe he is a Jew?" said le Bourdon, smiling; willing to commence a discourse, though still determined not to betray a womanish curiosity.

"We are poor Injins, Bourdon; juss as the Great Spirit made us. Dat bess. Can't help what Manitou do. If he don't make us Jew, can't be Jew. If he make us Injin, muss be Injin. For my part, b'lieve I'm Injin, and don't want to be pale-face. Can love pale-face now, juss as well as love Injin."

"Oh, I hope this is true, Peter," exclaimed Margery, her handsome face flushing with delight, at hearing these words. "So long as your heart tells you this, be certain that the spirit of God is in you."

Peter made no answer, but he looked profoundly impressed with the novel feeling that had taken possession of his soul. As for the Bee-hunter, he did not meddle with Margery's convictions or emotions on such subjects, resembling in this particular most men, who, however indifferent to religion in their own persons, are never sorry to find that their wives profoundly submit to its influence. After a short pause, a species of homage involuntarily paid to the subject, he thought he might now inquire into the circumstances that brought the Indians on their route, without incurring the imputation of a weak and impatient curiosity. In reply, Peter's story was soon told. He had rejoined the chiefs without exciting distrust, and all had waited for the young men to come in with the captives. As soon as it was ascertained that the intended victims had escaped and by water, parties proceeded to different points, in order to intercept them. Some followed in canoes, but being less bold in their navigation than the Bee-hunter, they did not

make the straits until some time after the fugitives had passed. Peter, himself, had joined Bear's Meat, and some twenty warriors who had crossed the Peninsula, procured canoes at the head of Saginaw Bay, and had come out at *Pointe aux Barques*, the very spot our party was now approaching, three days before its arrival.

Tired with waiting, and uncertain whether his enemies had not got the start of him, Bear's Meat had gone into the river below, intending to keep his watch there, leaving Peter at the Pointe, with three young men, and one canoe, to have a look out. These young men the great chief had found an excuse for sending to the head of the Bay, in quest of another canoe, which left him, of course, quite alone on the Pointe. Scarce had the young men got out of sight, ere Pigeonswing joined his confederate, for it seems that this faithful friend had kept on the skirts of the enemy the whole time, travelling hundreds of miles, and enduring hunger and fatigue, besides risking his life at nearly

every step, in order to be of use to those whom he considered himself pledged to serve.

Of course, Peter and Pigeonswing understood each other. One hour after they joined company, the canoes of the fugitives came in sight, and were immediately recognized by their sails. They were met, as has been mentioned, and the explanations, that we have given were made before the party landed at the Pointe.

It was something to know where the risk was to be apprehended; but le Bourdon foresaw great danger. He had brought his canoes, already, quite five hundred miles, along a hazardous coast, though a little craft, like one of those he navigated ran less risk, perhaps, than a larger vessel, since a shelter might, at any time, be found within a reasonable distance for it. From Pointe au Barque to the outlet of the lake was less than a hundred miles more. This outlet was a river, as it is called, a strait, in fact, which communicates with the small shallow lake of St. Clair, by a passage of some thirty miles in length. Then the lake St. Clair

was to be crossed, about an equal distance, when the canoes would come out in what is called the Detroit river, a strait again, as its name indicates. Some six or eight miles down this passage, and on its western side, stands the city of Detroit, then a village of no great extent, with a fort better situated to repel an attack of the savages, than to withstand a siege of white men. This place was now in the possession of the British, and, according to le Bourdon's notions, it was scarcely less dangerous to him, than the hostility of Bear's Meat and his companions.

Delay, however, was quite as dangerous as anything else. After cooking and eating, therefore, the canoes continued their course, Peter and Pigeonswing accompanying them, though they abandoned their own craft. Peter went with the Bee-hunter and Margery, while the Chippewa took a seat and a paddle in the canoe of Gershom. This change was made, in order to put a double power in each canoe, since it was possible that downright speed might become the only means of safety.

The wind still stood at the westward, and the rate of sailing was rapid. About the close of the day the party drew near to the outlet, when Peter directed the sails to be taken in. This was done to prevent their being seen, a precaution that was now aided by keeping as near to the shore as possible, where objects so small and low would be very apt to be confounded with others on the land.

It was quite dark when the canoes entered the St. Clair river. Favoured by the current and the wind, their progress was rapid, and ere the day returned, changing his direction from the course ordinarily taken, Peter entered the lake by a circuitous passage; one of the many that lead from the river to the lake, among aquatic plants that form a perfect shelter. This *detour* saved the fugitives from falling into the hands of one party of their enemies, as was afterwards ascertained by the Indians. Bear's Meat had left two canoes, each manned by five warriors, to watch the principal passages into Lake St. Clair, not anticipating that any

particular caution would be used by the Bee-hunter and his friends, at this great distance from the place where they had escaped from their foes. But the arrival of Peter, his sagacity, and knowledge of Indian habits, prevented the result that was expected. The canoes got into the lake unseen, and crossed it a little diagonally, so as to reach the Canada shore in the middle of the afternoon of the succeeding day, using their sails only when far from the land, and not exposed to watchful eyes.

The Bee-hunter and his friends landed that afternoon at the cabin of a Canadian Frenchman, on the shore of the lake, and at a safe distance from the outlet which led still further south. Here the females were hospitably received, and treated with that kindness which marks the character of the Canadian French. It mattered little to these simple people, whether the travellers were of the hostile nation or not. It is true, they did not like the "Yankees," as all Americans are termed by them, but they were not particularly in love

with their English masters. It was well enough to be repossessed of both banks of the Detroit, for both banks were then peopled principally by their own race, the descendants of Frenchmen of the time of Louis XIV., and who still preserved much of the language and many of the usages of the French of that period. They spoke then, as now, only the language of their fathers.

The Bee-hunter left the cottage of these simple and hospitable people as soon as the night was fairly set in; or rather, as soon as a young moon had gone down. Peter now took the command, steering the canoe of le Bourdon, while Gershom followed so close as to keep the bow of his little craft within reach of the Indian's arm. In less than an hour the fugitives reached the opening of the river, which is here divided into two channels by a large island. On that very island, and at that precise moment, was Bear's Meat lying in wait for their appearance, provided with three canoes, each having a crew of six men. It

would have been easy for this chief to go to Detroit, and give the alarm to the savages who were then collected there in a large force, and to have made such a disposition of the canoes as would have rendered escape by water impossible; but this would have been robbing himself and his friends of all the credit of taking the scalps, and throwing away what is termed "honour," among others as well as among savages. He chose, therefore, to trust to his own ability to succeed; and supposing the fugitives would not be particularly on their guard at this point, had little doubt of intercepting them here, should they succeed in eluding those he had left above.

The Bee-hunter distrusted that island, and used extra caution in passing it. In the first place, the two canoes were brought together, so as to give them, in the dark, the appearance of only one; while the four men added so much to the crew as to aid the deception. In the end it proved that one of Bear's Meat's canoes that was paddling about in the middle

of the river had actually seen them, but mistook the party for a canoe of their own, which ought to have been near that spot, with precisely six persons in it just at that time. These six warriors had landed and gone up among the cottages of the French to obtain some fruit, of which they were very fond, and of which they got but little in their own villages. Owing to this lucky coincidence, which the pretty Margery ever regarded as another special interposition of Providence in their favour, the fugitives passed the island without molestation, and actually got below the last look-outs of Bear's Meat, though without their knowledge.

It was by no means a difficult thing to go down the river, now that so many canoes were in motion on it, at all hours. The Bee-hunter knew what points were to be avoided, and took good care not to approach a sentinel. The river, or strait, is less than a mile wide, and by keeping in the centre of the passage, the canoes, favoured by both wind and current, drove by the town, then an inconsiderable village, with-

out detection. As soon as far enough below, the canoes were again cast loose from each other, and sail was made on each. The water was smooth, and some time before the return of light the fugitives were abreast of Malden, but in the American Channel. Had it been otherwise, the danger could not have been great. So completely were the Americans subdued by Hull's capitulation, and so numerous were the Indian allies of the British, that the passage of a bark canoe, more or less, would hardly have attracted attention. At that time Michigan was a province of but little more than a name. The territory was wide, to be sure, but the entire population was not larger than that of a moderately-sized English market town, and Detroit was then regarded as a distant and isolated post. It is true that Mackinac and Chicago were both more remote, and both more isolated, but an English force in possession of Detroit could be approached by the Americans on the side of the land only by overcoming the obstacles of a broad belt of

difficult wilderness. This was done the succeeding year, it is true, but time is always necessary to bring out Jonathan's latent military energies. When aroused, they are not trifling, as all his enemies have been made to feel; but a good deal of miscalculation, pretending ignorance, and useless talking must be expended, before the really efficient are allowed to set about serving the country in their own way.

In this respect, thanks to West Point, well-organized staff, and well-educated officers, matters are a little improving. Congress has not been able to destroy the army, in the present war, though it did its best to attain that end; and all because the nucleus was too powerful to be totally eclipsed by the gas of the usual legislative tail of the Great National Comet, of which neither the materials nor the orbit can any man say he knows. One day it declares war with a hurrah; the next, it denies the legislation necessary to carry it on, as if it distrusted its own acts, and already repented of

its patriotism. And this is the body, soulless, the very school of faction, as a whole of very questionable quality in the outset, that, according to certain expounders of the constitution, is to perform all the functions of a government; which is not only to pass laws, but also to interpret them; which is to command the army, ay, even to wheeling its platoons; which reads the constitution as an abbé mumbles his *aves* and *paters*, or looking at everything but his texts; and which is never to have its acts vetoed, unless in cases where the Supreme Court would spare the Executive that trouble! We never yet could see either the elements or the fruits of this great sanctity in the National Council. In our eyes it is scarcely ever in its proper place on the railway of the Union, has degenerated into a mere electioneering machine, performing the little it really does convulsively, by sudden impulses, equally without deliberation or a sense of responsibility. In a word, we deem it the power of all others in the state that needs the closest watching, and were we

what is termed in this country "politicians," we should go for the executive who is the most ready to apply the curb to these vagaries of factions and interested partisans. Vetoes! Would to heaven we could see the days of Good Queen Bess revived for one session of Congress at least, and find that more laws were sent back for the second thoughts of their framers than were approved! Then, indeed, might the country be brought back to a knowledge of the very material constitutional facts that the legislature is not commander-in-chief, does not negotiate or make treaties, and has no right to do that which it has done so often, appoint to office by act of Congress!

As a consequence of the little apprehension entertained by the English of being soon disturbed in their new conquests, le Bourdon and his friends got out of the Detroit river, and into Lake Erie, without discovery or molestation. There still remained a long journey before them. In that day the American side of the shores of all the Great Lakes was little more than a wil-

derness. There were exceptions, at particular points, but these were few and far asunder. The whole coast of Ohio, for Ohio has it coast as well as Bohemia*, was mostly in a state of nature, as was much of those of Pennsylvania and New York, on the side of the fresh water. The port which the Bee-hunter had in view was Presque Isle, now known as Erie, a harbour in Pennsylvania that has since become somewhat celebrated in consequence of its being the port out of which the American vessels sailed about a year later than the period of which we are writing, to fight the battle that gave them the mastery of the lake. This was a little voyage of itself, of near two hundred miles, following the islands and the coast, but it was safely made in the course of the succeeding week. Once in Lake Erie, and on the American side, our adventurers felt reasonably safe against all dangers but those of the elements. It is true that a renowned annalist, whose information

* See Shakspeare's "Winter's Tale."

is sustained by the collected wisdom of a State Historical Society, does tell us that the enemy possessed both shores of Lake Erie in 1814; but this was so small a mistake, compared with some others that this Nestor in history had made, that we shall not stop to explain it. Le Bourdon and his party found all the south shore of Lake Erie in possession of the Americans, so far as it was in the possession of any one, and consequently ran no risks from this blunder of the historian and his highly intelligent associates.

Peter and Pigeonswing left their friends before they reached Presque Isle. The Bee-hunter gave them his own canoe, and the parting was not only friendly, but touching. In the course of their journey, and during their many stops, Margery had frequently prayed with the great chief. His constant and burning desire, now, was to learn to read, that he might peruse the word of the Great Spirit, and regulate his future life by its wisdom and tenets. Margery promised, should they ever meet

again, and under circumstances favourable to such a design, to help him attain his wishes.

Pigeonswing parted from his friend with the same light-hearted vivacity as he had manifested in all their intercourse. Le Bourdon gave him his own rifle, plenty of ammunition, and various other small articles that were of value to an Indian, accepting the Chippewa's arms in return. The exchange, however, was greatly to the advantage of the savage. As for Peter he declined all presents. He carried weapons now, indeed, merely for the purpose of hunting; but the dignity of his character and station, would have placed him above such compensations had the fact been otherwise.

CHAPTER IX.

Come to the land of peace!
Come where the tempest hath no longer sway,
The shadow passes from the soul away——
The sounds of weeping cease.

Fear hath no dwelling there!
Come to the mingling of repose and love,
Breathed by the silent spirit of the dove
Through the celestial air.

MRS. HEMANS.

IT is now more than thirty-three years since the last war with the English terminated, and about thirty-six to the summer in which the events recorded in this legend occurred. This third of a century has been a period of mighty changes in America. Ages have not often brought about as many in other portions of the earth, as this short period of time has given

birth to among ourselves. We had written, thus far, on the evidence of documents sent to us, when an occasion offered to verify the truth of some of our pictures, at least, by means of personal observation.

Quitting our own quiet and secluded abode in the mountains, in the pleasant month of June, and in this current year of 1848, we descended into the valley of the Mohawk, got into the cars, and went flying by rails towards the setting sun. Well could we remember the time when an entire day was required to pass between that point on the Mohawk where we got on the rails, and the little village of Utica. On the present occasion, we flew over the space in less than three hours, and dined in a town of some fifteen thousand souls.

We reached Buffalo, at the foot of Lake Erie, in about twenty hours after we had entered the cars. This journey would have been the labour of more than a week, at the time in which the scene of this tale occurred. Now, the whole of the beautiful region, teeming with

its towns and villages, and rich with the fruits of a bountiful season, was almost brought into a single landscape, by the rapidity of our passage.

At Buffalo, we turned aside to visit the cataract. Thither, too, we went on rails. Thirty-eight years had passed away since we had laid eyes on this wonderful fall of water. In the intervening time we had travelled much, and had visited many of the renowned falls of the Old World, to say nothing of the great number which are to be found in other parts of our own land. Did this visit, then produce disappointment? Did time, and advancing years, and feelings that had become deadened by experience, contribute to render the view less striking, less grand, in any way less pleasing than we had hoped to find it? So far from this, all our expectations were much more than realized. In one particular, touching which we do not remember ever to have seen anything said, we were actually astonished at the surpassing glory of Niagara. It was the character

of sweetness, if we can so express it, that glowed over the entire aspect of the scene. We were less struck with the grandeur of this cataract than with its sublime softness and gentleness. To water in agitation, use had so long accustomed us, perhaps, as in some slight degree to lessen the feeling of awe that is apt to come over the novice in such scenes; but we at once felt ourselves attracted by the surpassing loveliness of Niagara. The gulf below was more imposing than we had expected to see it, but it was Italian in hue and softness, amid its wildness and grandeur. Not a drop of the water that fell down that precipice inspired terror; for everything appeared to us to be filled with attraction and love. Like Italy itself, notwithstanding so much that is grand and imposing, the character of softness, and the witchery of the gentler properties, is the power we should ascribe to Niagara, in preference to that of its majesty. We think this feeling, too, is more general than is commonly supposed, for we find those who dwell near the

cataract playing around it, even to the very verge of its greatest fall, with a species of affection, as if they had the fullest confidence in its rolling waters. Thus it is that we see the little steamer, the Maid of the Mists, paddling up quite near to the green sheet of the Horse-Shoe itself, and gliding down in the current of the vortex, as it is compelled to quit the eddies, and come more in a line with the main course of the stream. Wires, too, are suspended across the gulf below, and men pass it in baskets. It is said that one of these inventions is to carry human beings over the main fall, so that the adventurer may hang suspended in the air directly above the vortex. In this way do men, and even women prove their love for the place, all of which we impute to its pervading character of sweetness and attraction.

At Buffalo we embarked in a boat under the English flag, which is called the Canada. This shortened our passage to Detroit, by avoiding all the stops at lateral ports, and we had every reason to be satisfied with our selection. Boat,

commander, and the attendance were such as would have done credit to any portion of the civilized world. There were many passengers, a motley collection as usual, from all parts of the country.

Our attention was early drawn to one party, by the singular beauty of its females. They seemed to us to be a grandmother, in a well-preserved, green old age; a daughter, but a matron of a little less than forty; and two exceedingly pretty girls of about eighteen and sixteen, whom we took to be children of the last. The strong family likeness between these persons, led us early to make this classification, which we afterwards found was correct.

By occasional remarks, I gathered that the girls had been to an "eastern" boarding-school, that particular feature in civilization not yet flourishing in the north-western states. It seemed to us that we could trace in the dialect of the several members of this family the gradations and peculiarities that denote the origin and habits of individuals. Thus, the grand-

mother was not quite as western in her forms of speech as her matronly daughter, while the grand-children evidently spoke under the influence of boarding-school correction, or, like girls who had been often lectured on the subject. "First rate," and "Yes, *sir*," and "That's a *fact*," were often in the mouth of the pleasing mother, and even the grandmother used them all, though not as often as her daughter, while the young people looked a little concerned, and surprised, whenever they came out of the mouth of their frank-speaking mother. That these persons were not of a very high social class, was evident enough, even in their language. There was much occasion to mention New York, we found, and they uniformly called it "the city." By no accident did either of them ever happen to use the expression that she had been "in town," as one of us would be apt to say. "He's gone to the *city*," or "she's in the *city*," are awkward phrases, and *tant soit peu* vulgar; but even our pretty young boarding-school *élèves*

would use them. We have a horror of the expression "city," and are a little fastidious, perhaps, touching its use.

But these little peculiarities were spots on the sun. The entire family, taken as a whole, was really charming; and long before the hour for retiring came, we had become much interested in them all. We found there was a fifth person belonging to this party, who did not make his appearance that night. From the discourse of these females, however, it was easy to glean the following leading facts. This fifth person was a male; he was indisposed, and kept his berth; and he was quite aged. Several nice little dishes were carried from the table into his state-room that evening, by one or the other of the young sisters, and each of the party appeared anxious to contribute to the invalid's comfort. All this sympathy excited our interest, and we had some curiosity to see this old man, long ere it was time to retire. As for the females, no name was mentioned among them but that of a Mrs. Osborne, who

was once or twice alluded to in full. It was "grand-ma," and "ma," and "Dolly," and "sis." We should have liked it better had it been "mother," and "grandmother;" and that the "sis" had been called Betsy or Molly; but we do not wish to be understood as exhibiting these amiable and good-looking strangers as models of refinement. "Ma" and "sis" did well enough, all things considered, though "mamma" would have been better if they were not sufficiently polished to say "mother."

We had a pleasant night of it, and all the passengers appeared next morning with smiling faces. It often blows heavily on that lake, but light airs off the land were all the breezes we encountered. We were among the first to turn out, and on the upper deck forward, a place where the passengers are fond of collecting, as it enables them to look ahead, we found a single individual who immediately drew all of our attention to himself. It was an aged man, with hair already as white as snow. Still there was that in his gait, attitudes, and all his

movements, which indicated physical vigour, not to say the remains, at least, of great elasticity and sinewy activity. Aged as he was, and he must have long since passed his fourscore years, his form was erect as that of a youth. In stature, he was of rather more than middle height, and in movements, deliberate and dignified. His dress was quite plain, being black, and according to the customs of the day. The colour of his face and hands, however, as well as the bold outlines of his countenance, and the still keen, restless, black eye, indicated the Indian.

Here, then, was a civilized red man; and it struck us at once, that he was an ancient child of the forest, who had been made to feel the truths of the gospel. One seldom hesitates about addressing an Indian, and we commenced a discourse with our venerable fellow-passenger, with very little circumlocution or ceremony.

"Good morning, sir!" we observed; "a charming time we have of it, on the lake."

"Yes—good time," returned my red neigh-

bour, speaking short and clipped, like an Indian, but pronouncing his words as if long accustomed to the language.

"These steam-boats are great inventions for the western lakes, as are the railroads for this vast inland region. I dare say, *you* can remember Lake Erie when it was an unusual thing to see a sail of any sort on it; and now, I should think, we might count fifty."

"Yes—great change—great change, friend! —all change from ole time."

"The traditions of your people, no doubt, give you reason to see and feel all this?"

The predominant expression of this red man's countenance was that of love. On every thing, on every human being towards whom he turned his still expressive eyes, the looks he gave them would seem to indicate interest and affection. This expression was so decided and peculiar, that we early remarked it, and it drew us closer and closer to the old chief, the longer we remained in his company. That expression, however, slightly changed when we made

this allusion to the traditions of his people, and a cloud passed before his countenance. This change, nevertheless, was as transient as it was sudden, the benevolent and gentle look returning almost as soon as it had disappeared. He seemed anxious to atone for this involuntary expression of regrets for the past, by making his communications to me as free as they could be.

"My tradition say a great deal," was the answer. "It say some good, some bad."

"May I ask of what tribe you are?"

The red man turned his eyes on us kindly, as if to lessen any thing ungracious there might be in his refusal to answer, and with an expression of benevolence that we scarcely remember ever to have seen equalled. Indeed, we might say with truth, that the love which shone out of this old man's countenance habitually, surpassed that which we can recal as belonging to any other human face. He seemed to be at peace with himself, and with all the other children of Adam.

"Tribe make no difference," he answered. "All children of same Great Spirit."

"Red men and pale-faces?" I asked, not a little surprised with his reply.

"Red man and pale-face. Christ die for all, and his Fadder make all. No difference, excep' in colour. Colour only skin deep."

"Do you then look on us pale-faces as having a right here? Do you not regard us as invaders, as enemies who have come to take away your lands?"

"Injin don't own 'arth. 'Arth belong to God, and he send whom he like to live on it. One time he send Injin; now he send pale-face. *His* 'arth, and he do what he please wid it. Nobody any right to complain. Bad to find fault wid Great Spirit. All he do, right; nebber do any t'ing bad. His blessed Son die for all colour, and all colour muss bow down at his holy name. Dat what dis good book say," showing a small pocket Bible, "and what dis good book say come from Great Spirit, himself."

"You read the Holy Scriptures, then—you are an educated Indian?"

"No: can't read at all. Don't know how. Try hard, but too ole to begin. Got young eyes, however, to help me," he added, with one of the fondest smiles I ever saw light a human face, as he turned to meet the pretty Dolly's "good morning, Peter," and to shake the hand of the elder sister. "She read good book for old Injin, when he want her; and when she off at school, in 'city,' den her mudder, or her gran'mudder read for him. Fuss begin wid gran'mudder; now got down to gran'da'ghter. But good book all de same, let who will read it."

This, then, was "Scalping Peter," the very man I was travelling into Michigan to see, but how wonderfully changed! The Spirit of the Most High God had been shed freely upon his moral being, and in lieu of the revengeful and vindictive savage, he now lived a subdued, benevolent Christian? In every human being he beheld a brother, and no longer thought of

destroying races, in order to secure to his own people the quiet possession of their hunting-grounds. His very soul was love; and no doubt he felt himself strong enough to "bless those who cursed him," and to give up his spirit, like the good missionary whose death had first turned him toward the worship of the one true God, praying for those who took his life.

The ways of Divine Providence are past the investigations of human reason. How often, in turning over the pages of history, do we find civilization, the arts, moral improvement, nay, Christianity itself, following the bloody train left by the conqueror's car, and good pouring in upon a nation by avenues that at first were teeming only with the approaches of seeming evils! In this way, there is now reason to hope that America is about to pay the debt she owes to Africa; and in this way will the invasion of the forests, and prairies, and "openings," of the red man be made to atone for itself by carrying with it the blessings of the

Gospel, and a juster view of the relations which man bears to his Creator. Possibly Mexico may derive lasting benefit from the hard lesson that she has so recently been made to endure.

This then was Peter, changed into a civilized man and a Christian! I have found, subsequently, that glimmerings of the former being existed in his character; but they showed themselves only at long intervals, and under very peculiar circumstances. The study of these traits became a subject of great interest with us, for we now travelled in company the rest of our journey. The elder lady, or "grand-ma," was the Margery of our tale; still handsome, spirited, and kind. The younger matron was her daughter, and only child, and "Sis," another Margery, and Dorothy, were her grandchildren. There was also a son, or a grandson rather, Ben, who was on Prairie Round, "with the general." The "general" was our old friend, le Bourdon, who was still as often called "General Bourdon," as "General Boden." This matter of "generals" at the West, is a

little overdone, as all ranks and titles are somewhat apt to be in new countries. It causes one often to smile at the east; and no wonder that an eastern habit should go down in all its glory beneath the "setting sun." In after days generals will not be quite as "plenty as blackberries."

No sooner did Mrs. Boden, or Margery, to use her familiar name, learn that we were the very individual to whom the "general" had sent the notes relative to his early adventures, which had been prepared by the "Rev. Mr. Varse," of Kalamazoo, than she became as friendly and communicative as we could possibly desire.

Her own life had been prosperous and her marriage happy. Her brother, however, had fallen back into his old habits, and died ere the war of 1812 was ended. Dorothy had returned to her friends in Massachusetts, and was still living in a comfortable condition, owing to a legacy from an uncle. The Bee-hunter had taken the field in that war, and had seen some

sharp fighting on the banks of the Niagara. No sooner was peace made, however, than he returned to his beloved Openings, where he had remained "growing with the country," as it is termed, until he was now what is deemed a rich man in Michigan. He has a plenty of land, and that which is good; a respectable dwelling, and is out of debt. He meets his obligations to an Eastern man just as promptly as he meets those contracted at home, and regards the United States and not Michigan as his country. All these were good traits, and we were glad to learn that they existed in one who already possessed so much of our esteem. At Detroit we found a fine flourishing town, of a healthful and natural growth, and with a population that was fast approaching twenty thousand. The shores of the beautiful strait on which it stands, and which, by a strange blending of significations and languages, is popularly called the "Detroit River," were alive with men and their appliances, and we scarce know where to turn to find a more

agreeable landscape than that which was presented to us, after passing the island of "Bobolo" (Bois Blanc), near Malden. Altogether it resembled a miniature picture of Constantinople, without its Eastern peculiarities.

At Detroit commenced our surprise at the rapid progress of western civilization. It will be remembered that at the period of our tale, the environs of Detroit excepted, the whole peninsula of Michigan lay in a state of nature. Nor did the process of settlement commence actively until about twenty years since; but, owing to the character of the country, it already possesses many of the better features of a long inhabited regions. There are stumps, of course, for new fields are constantly coming into cultivation; but, on the whole, the appearance is that of a middle-aged, rather than that of a new region.

We left Detroit on a railroad, rattling away towards the setting sun, at a good speed even for that mode of conveyance. It seemed to us

that our route was well garnished with large villages, of which we must have passed through a dozen, in the course of a few hours' "railing." These are places varying in size from one to three thousand inhabitants. The vegetation certainly surpassed that of even western New York, the trees alone excepted. The whole country was a wheat-field, and we now began to understand how America could feed the world. Our road lay among the "Openings" much of the way, and we found them undergoing the changes which are incident to the passage of civilized men. As the periodical fires had now ceased for many years, underbush was growing in lieu of the natural grass, and in so much those groves are less attractive than formerly; but one easily comprehends the reason, and can picture to himself the aspect that these pleasant woods much have worn in times of old.

We left the railroad at Kalamazoo, an unusually pretty village, on the banks of the stream of that name. Those who laid out this place, some fifteen years since, had the taste to

preserve most of its trees, and the houses and grounds that stand a little apart from the busiest streets, and they are numerous for a place of rather more than two thousand souls, are particularly pleasant to the eye, on account of the shade and the rural pictures they present. Here Mrs. Boden told us we were within a mile or two of the very spot where once had stood Castle Meal (*Château au Miel*), though the "general" had finally established himself at Schoolcraft, on Prairie Ronde.

The first prairie we had ever seen was on the road between Detroit and Kalamazoo; distant from the latter place some eight or nine miles. The axe had laid the country open in its neighbourhood; but the spot was easily to be recognised by the air of cultivation and age that pervaded it. There was not a stump on it, and the fields were as smooth as any on the plains of Lombardy, and far more fertile, rich as the last are known to be. In a word, the beautiful perfection of that little natural meadow became apparent at once, though seated

amid a landscape that was by no means wanting in interest of its own.

We passed the night at the village of Kalamazoo; but the party of females, with old Peter, proceeded on to Prairie Round, as that particular part of the country is called in the dialect of Michigan, it being a corruption of the old French name of *la prairie ronde*. The Round Meadow does not sound as well as Prairie Round, and the last being quite as clear a term as the other, though a mixture of the two languages, we prefer to use it. Indeed, the word "Prairie" may now be said to be adopted into the English; meaning merely a natural, instead of an artificial meadow, though one of peculiar and local characteristics. We wrote a note to General Boden, as I found our old acquaintance Bep Boden was universally termed, letting him know I should visit Schoolcraft next day; not wishing to intrude at the moment when that charming family was just reunited after so long a separation.

The next day, accordingly, we got into a

"buggy" and went our way. The road was slightly sandy a good part of the twelve miles we had to travel, though it became less so as we drew near to the celebrated prairie. And celebrated, and that by an abler pen than ours, does this remarkable place deserve to be! We found all our expectations concerning it fully realized, and drove through the scene of abundance it presented with an admiration that was not entirely free from awe.

To get an idea of Prairie Round, the reader must imagine an oval plain of some five and twenty or thirty thousand acres in extent, of the most surpassing fertility, without an eminence of any sort; almost without an inequality. There are a few small cavities, however, in which there are springs that form large pools of water that the cattle will drink. This plain so far as we saw it, is now entirely fenced and cultivated. The fields are large, many containing eighty acres, and some one hundred and sixty; most of them being in wheat. We saw several of this size in that grain. Farm-houses dotted

the surface, with barns and the other accessories of rural life. In the centre of the prairie is an "island" or forest, containing some five or six hundred acres of the noblest native trees we remember ever to have seen. In the centre of this wood is a little lake, circular in shape, and exceeding a quarter of a mile in diameter. The walk in this wood, which is not an Opening, but an old fashioned virgin forest, we found delightful of a warm summer's day. One thing that we saw in it was characteristic of the country. Some of the nearest farmers had drawn their manure into it, where it lay in large piles, in order to get it out of the way of doing any mischief. Its effect on the land, it was thought, would be to bring too much straw.

On one side of this island of wood lies the little village, or large hamlet, of Schoolcraft. Here we were most cordially welcomed by General Boden, and all of his fine descendants. The head of this family is approaching seventy but is still hale and hearty. His head is as

white as snow, and his face as red as a cherry. A finer old man one seldom sees. Temperance, activity, the open air and a good conscience, have left him a noble ruin; if ruin he can yet be called. He owes the last blessing, as he told us himself, to the fact that he kept clear of the whirlwind of speculation that passed over this region some ten or fifteen years since. His means are ample, and the harvest being about to commence, he invited me to the field.

The peculiar ingenuity of the American has supplied the want of labourers, in a country where agriculture is carried on by wholesale, especially in the cereals, by an instrument of the most singular and elaborate construction. This machine is drawn by sixteen or eighteen horses, attached to it laterally, so as to work clear of the standing grain, and who move the whole fabric on a moderate but steady walk. A path is first cut with the cradle on one side of the field, when the machine is dragged into the open place. Here it enters the standing grain, cutting off its heads with the utmost accuracy

as it moves. Forks beneath prepare the way, and a rapid vibratory motion of a great number of two edged knives, effect the object. The stalks of the grain can be cut as low, or as high as one pleases, but it is usually thought best to take only the heads. Afterwards the standing straw is burned, or fed off, upright.

The impelling power which causes the great fabric to advance, also sets in motion the machinery within it. As soon as the heads of the grain are severed from the stalks, they pass into a receptacle where, by a very quick and simple process, the kernels are separated from the husks. Thence all goes into a fanning machine, where the chaff is blown away. The clean grain falls into a small bin, whence it is raised by a screw elevator to a height that enables it to pass out at an opening to which a bag is attached. Wagons follow the slow march of the machine, and the proper number of men are in attendance. Bag after bag is renewed, until a wagon is loaded, when it at once proceeds to the mill, where the grain is

soon converted into flour. Generally the husbandman sells to the miller; but occasionally he pays for making the flour, and sends the latter off, by railroad, to Detroit, whence it finds its way to Europe, possibly, to help to feed the millions of the old world. Such, at least, was the course of trade the past season. As respects this ingenious machine, it remains only to say that it harvests, cleans, and *bags* from twenty to thirty acres of heavy wheat, in the course of a single summer's day. Altogether it is a gigantic invention, well adapted to meet the necessities of a gigantic country.

Old Peter went afield with us that day. There he stood, like a striking monument of a past that was still so recent and wonderful. On that very prairie, which was now teeming with the appliances of civilization, he had hunted and held his savage councils. On that prairie had he meditated, or consented to the deaths of the young couple, whose descendants were now dwelling there, amid abundance, and happy. Nothing but the prayers of the dying

missionary, in behalf of his destroyers, had prevented the dire consummation.

We were still in the field, when General Boden's attention was drawn towards the person of another guest. This, too, was an Indian, old like himself, but not clad like Peter, in the vestments of the whites. The attire of this sinewy old man was a mixture of that of the two races. He wore a hunting-shirt, moccasins, and a belt; but he also wore trowsers, and otherwise had brought himself within the habits of conventional decency. It was Pigeonswing, the Chippewa, come to pay his annual visit to his friend, the Bee-hunter. The meeting was cordial, and we afterwards ascertained that when the old man departed, he went away loaded with gifts that would render him comfortable for a twelvemonth.

But Peter, after all, was the great centre of interest with us. We could admire the General's bee-hives, which were numerous and ingenious; could admire his still handsome Margery, and all their blooming descendants; and

were glad when we discovered that our old friend—made so by means of a knowledge of his character, if not by actual acquaintance—was much improved in mind, was a sincere Christian, and had been a Senator of his own State; respected and esteemed by all who knew him. Such a career, however, has nothing peculiar in America; it is one of every-day occurrence; and shows the power of man when left free to make his own exertions; while that of the Scalping Peter indicated the power of God. There he was, living in the midst of the hated race, loving and beloved; wishing naught but blessings on all colours alike; looking back upon his traditions and superstitions with a sort of melancholy interest, as we all pourtray in our memories the scenes, legends, and feelings of an erring childhood.

We were walking in the garden, after dinner, and looking at the hives. There were the General, Margery, Peter, and ourselves. The first was loud in praise of his buzzing friends, for whom it was plain he still entertained a

lively regard. The old Indian, at first, was sad. Then he smiled, and, turning to us, he spoke earnestly and with some of his ancient fire and eloquence.

"Tell me you make a book," he said. "In dat book tell trut'. You see me—poor ole Injin. My fadder was chief—I was great chief, but we was children. Knowed nuttin'. Like little child, dough great chief. Believe tradition. T'ink dis 'arth flat—t'ink Injin could scalp all pale-face—t'ink tomahawk, and war-path, and rifle, bess t'ings in whole world. In dat day, my heart was stone. Afraid of Great Spirit, but didn't love Him. In dat time I t'ink General could talk wid bee. Yes; was very foolish den. Now, all dem cloud blow away, and I see my Fadder dat is in Heaven. His face shine on me, day and night, and I never get tired of looking at it. I see Him smile, I see Him lookin' at poor ole Injin, as if he want him to come nearer; sometime I see Him frown, and dat scare me. Den I pray, and his frown go away.

"Stranger, love God. B'lieve his Blessed Son, who pray for dem dat kill him. Injin don't do dat. Injin not strong enough to do so good t'ing. It want de Holy Spirit to strengthen de heart, afore man can do so great t'ing. When he got de force of de Holy Spirit, de heart of stone is changed to de heart of woman, and we all be ready to bless our enemy and die. I have spoken. Let 'dem dat read your book understand."

THE END.

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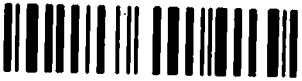
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